THE COST OF BAD MONEY BY EDWARD ATKINSON IN THIS NUMBER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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MR. CROKER'S BUSY SEASON BEGINS.

HE HAS ENGAGED A NEW CASHIER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE REFORM OF THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

NO fair-minded man will deny that President CLEVELAND, during his second administration, has advanced the cause of civil service reform in a most effectual manner. The mere fact that since March, 1893, he has added over 12,500 places to those subject to competitive examination, and among them a good many very important ones, and that more additions of equal importance are now in process of preparation, goes far to give him pre-eminence over his predecessors as a champion of the merit system. His recent order concerning the mode of appointing consular officers will, therefore, justly be understood as a sincere effort in the same direction. The order provides that "any vacancy in a consulate or commercial agency, the salary or other compensation of which is not more than $2500 nor less than $1000, shall be filled by a transfer or promotion from some other position under the Department of State, of a character tending to qualify the incumbent for the position to be filled; or by the appointment of a person having previously served under the Department of State, to its satisfaction, in a position tending to qualify him for the position to be filled; or by the appointment of a person who, having furnished the customary evidence of character, responsibility, and capacity, and being thereupon selected by the President for examination, is found upon such examination to be qualified for the position. When a suitable appointment cannot be made in any of the modes indicated," the vacancy will be filled "at discretion." The examinations provided for will be conducted by a board of three persons chosen by the Secretary of State—Mr. OLNEY has already designated the Third Assistant Secretary of State, the Solicitor of the Department, and the Chief of the Consular Bureau—and the subjects on which the candidates are to be examined comprise, aside from certain branches of general and of local information, the principal functions of consular officers.

The good points of this order are evident. It acknowledges the fact that appointments to the consular service require much more care than they have hitherto received. It recognizes also the important truth that the efficiency of such a branch of the service can be best increased by the promotion of meritorious officers from lower to higher positions, and that, where a place cannot be properly filled by promotion, a careful inquiry into the qualifications of the candidates by means of a thorough examination is necessary. The subjects upon which the examinations are to be held have been very judiciously selected, and of the gentlemen designated to hold those examinations two are already noted as earnest and experienced friends of civil service reform, which, perhaps, may also apply to the third, although he is as such not so well known. With evident sincerity of purpose behind it, and executed by men of ability and good faith, this order may, therefore, be expected to bring forth excellent results.

On the other hand, we are very glad to find in the letter addressed by the Secretary of State, Mr. OLNEY, to the President on this subject an explicit admission that this plan is only a tentative one, and is not to stand in the way of more comprehensive legislation concerning the consular service. "It should be borne in mind," says the Secretary, "that the order now recommended is in no sense final and conclusive. Experience will doubtless prove in what respect it may be amended or enlarged to the advantage of the public interest. But meanwhile it may surely be claimed for it that it will be at least a step in the right direction, and a step to be judged of not by the advance it itself makes, but by the advance it may rightly be expected inevitably to lead to." This is a wise remark. Mr. OLNEY must have seen the eventual necessity of a further "advance" when he considered the causes of the utter failure of former attempts in the same direction. For it must be remembered that examinations for consular offices have been prescribed and even held before, and that an Executive order issued in 1873 covered substantially the same ground and excited the same hopes of excellent results as the present one. In fact, that Executive order of 1873 has never been countermanded; it was still in force when Mr. CLEVELAND became President. It had simply fallen into oblivion, and has now been revived and enlarged. Why did it fail in effect after a feeble attempt to execute it? For a very obvious reason. It was a regulation which the appointing power had imposed upon itself; it had not the binding force of law. The observance of that regulation depended entirely upon the discretion of the appointing power—that is, of the President, and under him the Secretary of State. The order demanding examinations was very obnoxious to members of Congress and other political chiefs who wanted consulships for their henchmen. So long as the President and the Secretary of State resisted the pressure coming from the spoils-mongers, high and low, with sufficient firmness, the regulation was observed, and the consular service had the benefit of it. As soon as the President and the Secretary of State yielded to that pressure, the regulation fell into desuetude, and the consular service was ravaged, and became a disgrace to the country as before. This is the whole story.

The practical value of the present order, just like that of its predecessors, depends therefore entirely upon the firmness with which the President and Secretary of State and their successors resist the pressure for spoils coming from their political friends. However much we may trust Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. OLNEY personally in this respect, the experience of many administrations has proved that firmness in resisting political pressure is an extremely rare virtue. And although the popular demand for an improved consular service may at present be louder than before, and may have a stronger influence, yet we risk nothing in predicting that, if the enforcement of the order now issued remain entirely dependent upon Executive discretion—upon the faculty of Presidents and of Secretaries to say No to party friends with unbending persistence—the Executive order of 1895 will ultimately meet the same fate that the order of 1873 has met.

It is therefore of the first importance that the regulations to govern the consular service be embodied in a law regulating promotions, making the examinations as far as possible open and competitive, and placing the conduct of those examinations not under the control of the department in which the appointments are to be made, but of the National Civil Service Commission, which acts independently of Executive influence. Surrounded by the bulwark of such a law, for which the LODGE-MORGAN bill may serve as a basis, future Presidents and Secretaries of State will, with regard to the consular service, much more easily withstand that pressure which hitherto has wrecked all the good intentions underlying Executive orders.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

THE party platforms adopted by the Republican and Democratic conventions of this State afford an interesting and instructive study in comparative politics. The comparison is between the outs and the ins, between the party that can afford to risk something for the sake of getting back, and the party that has everything to lose by loose and careless ingenuousness and free speaking. The Republican party gained last year's election by an enormous majority, and expects to retain its hold on the offices and plunder by the mere impetus of that victory. There is only one way for the return of the Democrats to power, and that is by convincing the voters of the State that, bad as they may have been, the Republicans are worse. Therefore we have, as leading features of the platforms, misstatements by the Republicans of the character of last winter's legislation at Albany, and the bitter truth concerning that disgraceful session by the Democrats. If the Democrats had been in the majority in last winter's Legislature, these features of the two platforms would have been reversed. SULZER is no better than FISH, and FISH is no better than SULZER.

The Democratic platform is better than the Republican platform, in the first place, because it contains many truths which are denied by the Republican platform. The Republican platform, for example, declared that the "reform measures which the people of New York asked for, and which were indispensable to the complete overthrow of the corrupt political machine that had so long plundered and betrayed the great metropolis of the State, were, with a single exception, enacted into laws in the face of a united Democratic opposition." It is not true, in the first place, that this "single exception" is so unimportant as it is made to appear in this deceptive recital. This exception was the bill for the purification of the police force, and it was not passed because PLATT and Tammany did not want the police force purified. In the second place, the police commission bill that was enacted was not that which the people of New York "asked for . . . as indispensable to the complete overthrow of the corrupt political machine." The people asked for a single-headed commission, and PLATT, in aid of himself and Tammany, compelled the Republican majority in the Legislature to pass a bill providing for a bipartisan commission, the theory being that PLATT would control two commissioners and Tammany two. The allies were disappointed, because Mayor STRONG refused to make appointments of the expected character. That PLATT controlled the Republicans of the Legislature, however, is a sufficient answer to the self-congratulations which the party showered on itself at Saratoga.

It is not true either that the Republican party has given the State thorough electoral reform. The majority was bound to give us a blanket-ballot bill, but it joined with the gift machine provisions of such a nature that independent voting is attended with such difficulties that the chances of success for an independent ticket are greatly lessened, while the facilities for bribery have been increased. Not a word was said in favor of civil service reform by the Republicans, not even in the enumeration of blessings granted by the new Constitution.

The WEEKLY has already pointed out the deceptions and falsehoods uttered in the Republican platform concerning the WILSON tariff bill, and concerning the return of prosperity as a consequence of Republican victories. It needs only to be added that with a revenue for September which exceeds the expenditures by more than $3,000,000, the Republican declarations that our industries are being "annihilated," and that the WILSON tariff is a "tariff for deficit," are comical. A little acquaintance with the revenue history of the government, and a little common honesty, would have saved the platform-makers of Saratoga from that blunder.

Wherein is the Democratic platform better? As we have already said, it is actually better because the Democrats are out, and can afford to take chances. We do not mean to say that being honest and sound is to take chances. On the contrary, we think that if our politicians were as shrewd as they are industrious, they would be both honest and sound for the purpose of winning and keeping votes. The trouble with them is that they are afraid of the people, whom they believe to be, as a rule, without principle, and therefore like themselves. Consequently when they attempt the part of wisdom they say nothing, and profess to believe in principles only when they are in the reckless gambler mood in which the Democratic party now finds itself.

The Democratic platform is better than the Republican platform because it tells the truth about the tariff and about the Republican legislation of last winter. As the WEEKLY has already said, both the excise planks of the two platforms are meaningless. Aside from this, the Democratic platform is right in demanding home-rule for cities, home-rule meaning that each municipality shall manage its own business affairs. It takes a great step in advance, so far as the utterance of words and the giving of a promise can be said to be a step, in favoring "compulsory official accounting of expenditures by political committees as well as candidates." It is well known that the adoption of such a provision is absolutely necessary to the effectiveness of the corrupt practices act, and that so long as political committees are not bound to report their expenditures, bribery is practically unchecked. This is another reform which the Republican Legislature of last winter did not grant

the State. The Democratic party also said a kind word for civil service reform.

Both platforms were for sound money, but in this respect, also, the Democratic platform was far in advance of the Republican platform. It pronounced not only in favor of "no currency inconvertible into coin," but of the "gradual retirement and extinction of the greenback currency." This is an excellent affirmative proposition, for there cannot be thorough monetary reform in this country except through the absolute divorce of the Treasury from the banking business, and this object cannot be accomplished except through the redemption and retirement of the paper money which is a constant threat to the government's gold.

Again, the Republican platform contains a wandering, general, hazy plank concerning the administration's foreign policy. It calls that policy "infamous," asserts that it has made "the stars and stripes the emblem of supine neglect and wretched incapacity," and charges the administration with "truckling to foreign influence, and the wholesale sacrifice of American prestige and national dignity." This, of course, is untrue, and the authors of the plank knew it to be untrue. They felt that they ought to be a little jingoish, as that seemed to be the prescribed party policy, and yet they did not dare to be specific. They hurled general accusations at the administration, but were very shaky about their particulars. The Democrats, on the other hand, came out boldly against "entangling alliances with other nations" and jingoism.

The academic Democrats who still believe in platforms have reason to congratulate themselves on the willingness of the "boys" to give them such excellent reading. Good citizens will be sorry that the platform means so little, for the party platform is made to be talked about in the newspapers and on the stump during a campaign, but has very little influence over the conduct of office-holders and law-makers after the campaign is over and the victory won. Then the platforms are folded up and filed away for future reference, for the avoidance of inconsistencies when other platforms are to be drawn, and for getting a point on an opponent when political dialectics grow hot. As it is, all that we can say after an examination of the two platforms is that if the Democratic party meant what it said, it would be a very respectable and hopeful organization.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Among the questions now occupying the attention of the people of this country it is probable that the deepest interest is felt in the question as to when we may expect a restoration of our normal condition of business prosperity. The eagerness with which every announcement of business resumption, of advance in wages, of increase in earnings, of financial improvement of any kind, is received and appreciated is an evidence of this interest. Evidence of a different kind is furnished by the corresponding eagerness with which the "calamity howlers," the false prophets of disaster, seek to deny or to disparage or to explain away every indication that the end of the depression of the last two and a half years is at hand.

It is quite possible that the false prophets of disaster may still have the melancholy pleasure of gloating over additional illustrations of the evils which their extravagant and vicious legislation had brought upon the country. But it is not possible that their gloomy triumph can be of long continuance. Least of all is it possible that this country should have to expect a permanent condition of depression. This is not possible under any circumstances.

We are apt to watch the situation too closely. The crop and weather reports and Treasury statements and bank statements are studied day by day, and we are cheered or discouraged according to their report. A single gold shipment sends stocks down; a favorable monthly showing of the Treasury restores confidence. If we would only raise our eyes from the daily contemplation of small causes—if we would look around and ahead, and take in all the existing conditions and prospects—we should be in a better position to form a judgment, and there would be no difference of opinion about that judgment. There is no difficulty about forecasting the future of the United States. It needs no prophetic insight to predict the business conditions that will prevail in the closing years of this century. There is no risk in predicting that the condition of the whole country will be one of great prosperity.

In no other country in the world are the elements and causes of prosperity as abundant and potent as they are in the United States to-day. The spectacle presented by this country to the eye of the historian or of the statesman is unique. Not only do we surpass in numbers the civilized subjects of any foreign power, but, man for man, we exceed them in effective capacity. The whole productive plant of this country—its agriculture, mining, transportation, manufacturing, and exchanging—is organized on a scale which produces the highest results with the least waste of energy. We depend upon our own resources for industrial material more largely than any other country. We are not burdened and crippled by the maintenance of a standing army. No traditions or prejudices stand in the way of our adopting every new and improved method of getting our work done and of increasing our output. Above all, even a succession of billion-dollar Congresses has not loaded us down with that weight of taxation which is breaking the back of the producer in every country of Europe, and exhausting the energies of life in the mere struggle for existence. France is not the most heavily taxed country in Europe, yet in France close and careful and accurate calculations have shown that out of the total cost of living, among all classes, one-fourth on an average is government taxation. No such taxation exists here.

In addition to these general conditions, which are the permanent guarantees of our prosperity, we have strengthened ourselves by wise and temperate action in our public affairs. The limit of national expenditure and taxation has been reached. We have repudiated the principle and partially abandoned the practices of protection, and thereby discharged one of the obligations incurred in former days. No return to protective legislation is possible within the next two years, and there is no reason to apprehend a return to it at any time. McKinleyism is dead.

Lastly, any further vicious or dishonest financial legislation is impossible. We may not be able to carry out at once all or any of the needed reforms in our currency legislation, but we are not going to retrograde. If we have not annihilated the forces of the enemy, we have gained the citadel. We hold the fort. Silver legislation is as completely impossible as McKinleyism. No foreign or domestic investor in American securities and in American enterprise need fear that he will be made the victim of a dishonest impairment of the standard of value.

No one will deny the existence of these and other favoring conditions which are the exclusive heritage of this country. They are apt to be overlooked during the close contemplation of the passing phenomena of the day. They are, however, not merely important, they are essential to a right understanding of the prospects of our future. They are not merely a promise, but a guarantee that that future will be brightened by great and long-continued prosperity.

GENERAL MILES.

The change in the command ought to mean a good deal to the army. General Schofield was the last of the commanding generals whose early training was entirely under old traditions and conditions. This is not equivalent to saying that he was opposed to reform, although it is probably true that in consequence of this he was not easily convinced that a new suggestion was really promotive of reform. However, he has made an acceptable commanding general, as commanding generals go, but it is to be hoped that with the accession of General Miles to the leadership of the army a new era will begin.

General Miles is one of the most capable soldiers that the United States army has ever developed. We say that the army has developed him advisedly. He did not enjoy the training of West Point, which, under ordinary conditions, is the best training that a military man can have, but he was bred and taught in the school of actual war. The responsibilities and stimulation of command were his when he was a very young man, and he has served long and well on the frontier. He has been in command of troops under modern conditions, and knows by experience what may be and ought to be done with them as soldiers in time of peace, and in a state of affairs in which the problems of the future are likely to resemble very closely the problems of the past. He knows what the American soldier is, what he needs, what his grievances are, in what his usefulness may consist. He has lived on the plains and at frontier posts. He has led troops in Indian wars, and he has encountered strikers in the streets of Chicago. He knows the evils of civilian command of the army, and the wrongs that have been done to soldiers and to the service by the politicians. Moreover, he is the only man of all the living officers who are likely to be the head of the army who held high command at such an age that he was fitted to assume its great responsibilities properly. The commanding officers of our generation who come after him will be men who have passed most of their lives in subordinate positions. This is a sad outlook for the army, but it is true.

All this increases the responsibilities of General Miles, provided that he is made the real commanding general of the army, with power to carry out the reforms that he knows are necessary for the service. It is fortunate that he comes to the command while Mr. Lamont is Secretary of War, for no one has occupied that position who has been so acceptable to the officers of the army as Mr. Lamont has been. His popularity is not due to the practice of arts calculated to win applause, but to the fact that he has encouraged military influence in the administration of the affairs of the army, and has discouraged political "pulls." With such a Secretary, an officer of ideas and energy like General Miles ought to be able to impress himself upon the service of which he is the head, and to form its character for years to come.

Certainly no general officer who has gone to headquarters at Washington since the war closed has been looked to as General Miles is by officers and men for the working of changes that will add both to the honor and comfort of the service. We trust that all the good wishes that go with him, and all the aspirations that must possess him, may be fully realized.

THE MUNICIPAL SITUATION.

The good citizens of New York are aroused to the necessity of again defeating Tammany Hall, and in the struggle for good municipal government that is in progress, every city in the country ought to be deeply interested. As the resolutions adopted by the Chamber of Commerce truly said, the question of municipal government is "the most important and far-reaching that can engage the attention of patriotic citizens," because "the growing importance of cities throughout the United States renders it certain that in the not distant future the voting power of cities will determine the character and destiny of the republic." This is a deep and important truth, and its utterance at this time, and under the trying circumstances in which New York finds itself, ought to be an inspiration to patriotic citizens everywhere.

The issue is correctly stated by Dr. Parkhurst. It is Tammany against anti-Tammany. It is nothing else, and it can be nothing else until the power of Tammany is destroyed. To accomplish this destruction the union of all forces opposed to Tammany is absolutely necessary. This is a truth that ought to have long ago impressed itself upon the minds of the men who are now so deeply conscious of it. It remained, however, for a characteristic bit of folly to arouse the opponents of Tammany to the necessity of action. Out of the precipitate and seemingly headstrong conduct of the Good Government Clubs came the heat that fused the elements that now threaten to blast the fond hopes of Tammany and Platt.

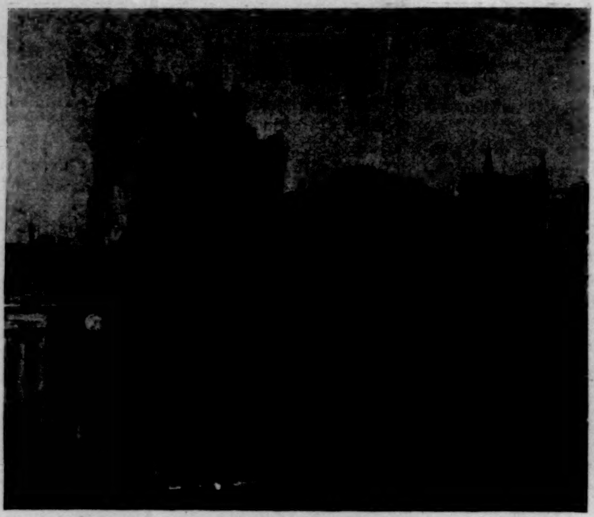
In speaking thus of the action of the Good Government Clubs we do not mean to dispute the soundness of the principle by which they were governed. We do not doubt that the purposes of the young men who carried the convention against the sound arguments and the earnest pleading of the older and wiser men were good. But every one who is competent to deal with the political situation in this city knew in advance that such a ticket would not only help Tammany and Platt to win this year's battle, but that the chances were that it would result in a set-back to the cause of municipal reform for an indefinite period. No one in New York rejoiced more over the action of the Good Government Clubs, outside of their own membership, than Tammany and the Republican machine politicians who would be profited by the return of Tammany to power.

The young men who nominated the ticket were carrying out a most excellent principle. They believe that national parties ought not to be considered in municipal affairs, and that their activities should be confined to national elections. The arguments employed by these young men are as sound as they are familiar. No sensible man doubts the value of the movement for non-partisanship in municipal affairs. Last year the Good Government Clubs yielded to the Committee of Seventy's advice, and consented to support the union ticket, with Mr. Strong as candidate for Mayor. This year there was no Committee of Seventy when the convention met, and its dissolution was regretted, if for no other reason, because it was sometimes able to control the youthful reformers who have not learned the virtue of making haste slowly. It was apparent at once that delay in organizing an anti-Tammany movement had threatened the cause of reform.

While the object that the Good Government Clubs have in mind is an excellent one to arrive at, organizations and theories become practical in this country when they have behind them public sentiment and public purpose. Just now all good citizens of New York have a common enemy. That common enemy is Tammany Hall, and Tammany and Platt are one. The Republican Convention's action in adjourning without making a nomination simply showed that the machine has not yet recovered from the fright caused by last year's victory; but that convention was governed by Platt, and it is true, notwithstanding the adjournment, that those Republicans who favor an anti-Tammany union do so in spite of Platt, who, whenever he cannot nominate a straight assistant Tammany ticket, will always order his henchmen to commit the sin of scratching the ticket, and to vote with Tammany.

In order to defeat the common enemy, all who oppose it must remain united until Tammany shall become less powerful than it is. But most of Tammany's opponents have been taught all their lives to vote in municipal elections as Democrats or Republicans, and, with all due respect to the influence and power of the Good Government Clubs, they will not unlearn that lesson in a single year, nor in two years. They will have to be labored with and instructed, and it is very encouraging that they are beginning to learn their lesson already. Every time Democratic and Republican organizations unite on a ticket, and every time Democrats vote for Republicans and Republicans vote for Democrats, the old traditions and teachings become weaker. Wisdom would recognize prevailing conditions and would bow to them, but it is characteristic of a certain kind of reformer to refuse to yield a jot or tittle of his theory. The result generally is that his cause is defeated, or its ultimate triumph at least is postponed.

Notwithstanding the delay in forming a union, and notwithstanding the blunder that threatened to divide the anti-Tammany forces, there is strong hope that the reform victory of last year will be repeated this year. And if this happy result shall be achieved, the good citizens of New York will again be under obligations for their rescue to Dr. Parkhurst and the Chamber of Commerce.



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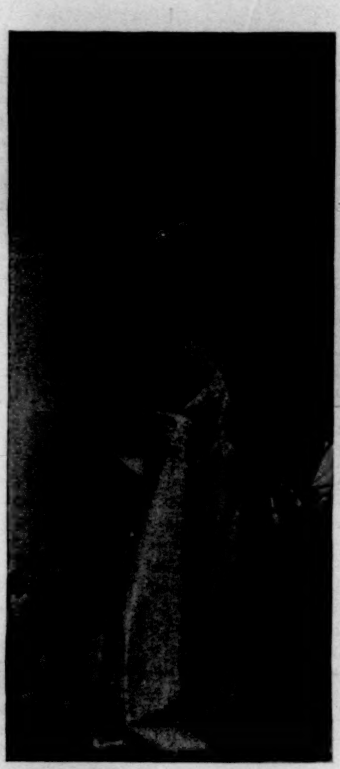

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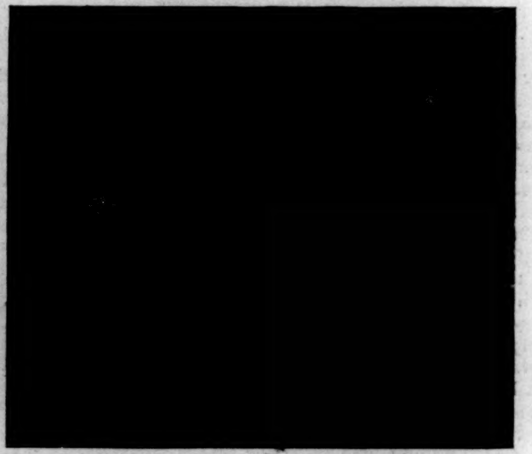

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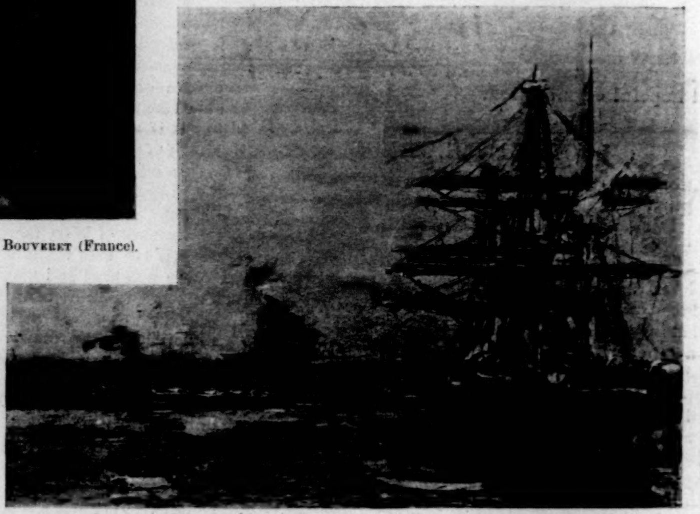

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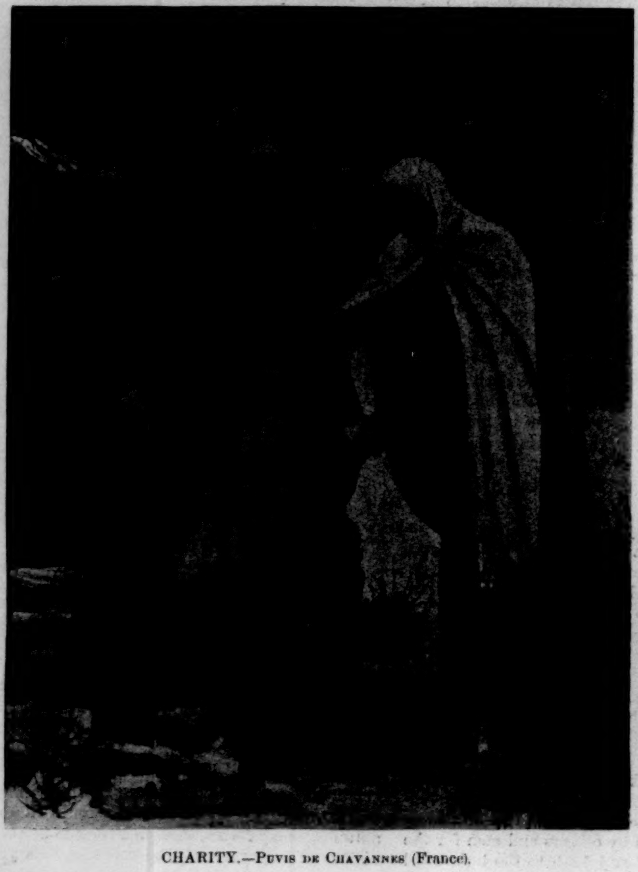

CHARITY.—Puvis de Chavannes (France).

EDINBURGH.—Jean François Raffaelli (France).

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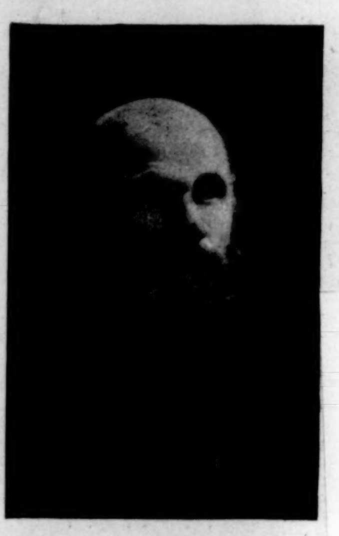
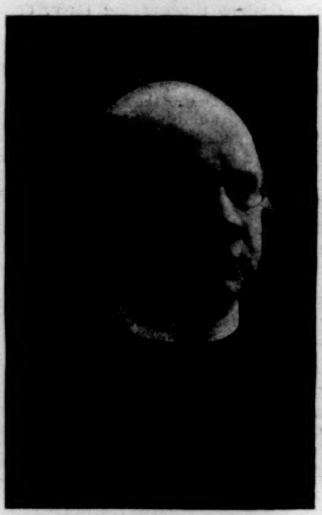
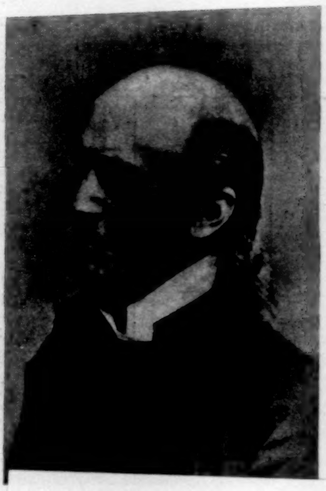


DANIEL SYLVESTER TUTTLE,
Bishop of Missouri.



WILLIAM EDWARD McLAREN,
Bishop of Chicago.



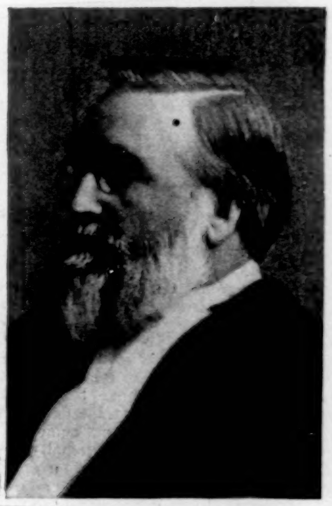


Photo. by Anderson.

THOMAS UNDERWOOD DUDLEY,
Bishop of Kentucky.

WILLIAM HOBART HARE,
Bishop of South Dakota.

HENRY CODMAN POTTER,
Bishop of New York.

WILLIAM PARET,
Bishop of Maryland.

Photo. by Rockwood.

RICHARD HOOKER WILMER,
Bishop of Alabama.

ARTHUR C. A. HALL,
Bishop of Vermont.

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WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE,
Bishop of Albany.

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ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE,
Bishop of Western New York.

REPRESENTATIVE BISHOPS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS.—[See Page 976.]

THE COST OF BAD MONEY.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

THE coin which being beaten smooth with a hammer retains its full value is good money; that which being beaten smooth with the hammer does not retain its full value is bad money. A legal-tender note which is not paid on demand in good money is bad money. That nation which forces bad money upon its people by legal-tender acts puts upon those who do the mechanical or manual work of the nation the heaviest and most destructive tax that can be devised.

The only sound principle of taxation is this: All taxes that the people pay, the government should receive. A tax collected by the forced circulation of bad or depreciated money under legal-tender acts yields no revenue to the government. Bad money takes from the pockets of the mass of the people a part of their earnings and converts it to the benefit of the few at the cost of the many.

The legal-tender acts of 1862 and '63 were passed for the collection of a forced loan for the conduct of the war. From the date of their enactment down to the present day these notes, by their issue and continued reissue, have increased the actual taxes which have been imposed upon the people of this country to the amount of not less than $2,000,000,000.

This positive tax consisted in the increased cost of every article which was purchased by the United States for the conduct of the war, and during the subsequent two or three years of reconstruction which elapsed before the expenditures of the country had been brought down to the basis of peace. These expenditures were made for arms, clothing, food, and other necessary supplies for the army and the navy and for the civil service during a period of seven years, from 1862 to 1868, both years inclusive.

The total expenditures from 1862 to 1868, seven years, were in round figures $4,600,000,000. At the rate per capita of the peace expenditures of 1860 the normal cost of government for this period would not have exceeded $450,000,000. The remainder was spent for war purposes. Of that sum not less than $2,200,000,000 was paid for war material and supplies, the prices of which were raised by the depreciation of bad money. As compared to 1860, the prices of all articles of common use were in 1865 117 per cent. higher. The average advance in the prices of the four years of war over those of 1860 was 87 per cent. That advance increased the cost of material of war $1,000,000,000, paid in increased prices almost wholly due to the depreciation of the currency: that sum is more than the present amount of the national debt. Since that time we have paid more than five per cent. interest for thirty years on seven-tenths of this sum. That comes to $1,050,000,000. But this is the least part of the penalty due to the cost of bad money, although it amounts to over $2,000,000,000.

The following table gives the average of the prices of over 200 commodities, covering all the necessaries of life, compiled by Commissioner Wright in the Senate Report on Prices and Wages, upon the unit of 100, in 1860. The second column gives the advance of all wages in the same period.

	All Prices.	All Wages.
1860	100	100
1862	117.8	102.9
1863	148 6	110.5
1864	190.5	125.6
1865	216.8	143.1
1866	191	152.4
1867	172.2	157.6
1868	160.5	159.2
Average, 1862–8	171	135.9

The difference became a margin of profit secured by the few at the cost of the great mass of the people.

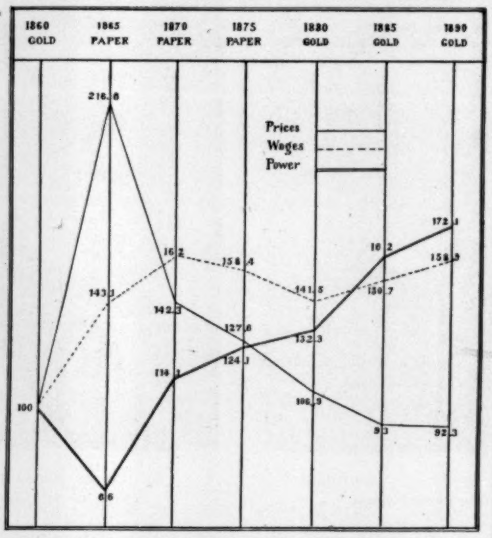
It may not be possible to give the exact measure of the amount of the indirect tax which was imposed upon the great mass of the people by this undue rise in prices as compared to wages during the whole period which elapsed from the date of the first issue of the legal-tender notes up to the year 1879, when specie payment was resumed. We can come to an approximate estimate for seven years of war and reconstruction, from 1862 to 1868 inclusive. First we will deal with actual taxes. During that period the loyal inhabitants of the Union, averaging 25,000,000, were positively taxed $10 a head per year in order to yield revenue to the government. In 1865 their taxes came to more than $20 per head. The taxes are now $5 per head. But the heaviest tax was the indirect tax, due to the excess of prices above the advance in wages. Nine-tenths of the people of this country derive their income from wages, small earnings or salaries, depending upon each day's work for their daily bread and making but relatively small savings. About 10 per cent. derive their income from profits of one kind or another. When prices advance and wages do not advance equally the difference goes into the profits.

The combined influence of the war demand for goods, of the increase of taxation and of the depreciation of the currency reduced the purchasing power of an average day's labor by more than one-third during the period which elapsed between the year 1860 and the year 1865. The rise in prices was very rapid; the rise in wages was very slow. Such are always the conditions whenever there is any monetary legislation by which prices are affected. Therefore every effort to raise prices by monetary legislation, under the pretext of supplying more and cheaper money must be regarded with profound suspicion by every man who works for wages, earnings or small compensation, or who is in the condition of the employed rather than of the employer.

It has sometimes been held that the rise in prices in this period was wholly due to the increased consumption of the war. This is not consistent with the facts. The product of the Northern and Western States increased in quantity even during the worst periods of the war, and would have fully sufficed to meet all war demands upon it together with the customary demands of peace; that is to say, the increase in the quantity of products of the loyal States was greater than the increase in population, while the extension of the railway service cheapened distribution. Hence it followed that those members of the community, both of the North and West, who derived their incomes mainly from profits, secured through the rise in prices a constantly increasing proportion of an increasing quantity of products; while that much greater number of persons who derived their income from wages, earnings or small salaries secured year by year a lessening share, even as compared to the lesser product of previous years. It was under these conditions that the rich in fact grew richer and the poor in fact grew relatively poorer under the influence of bad finance and bad money, such being the necessary results of tampering in any manner with the unit or standard of value by increasing the quantity of lawful money while debasing its quality. That is what the advocates of the free coinage of silver are attempting at the present time. Silver coin which hammered smooth is worth but fifty per cent. of its nominal value is bad money.

The several factors of the increased burden upon the people of this country through the destruction of war, the increased taxes, and the debasement of the currency may be measured with some approach to accuracy, although it may not be possible to give the exact total or lump sum. When that sum is given approximately it will be stated in terms so large as to be almost incomprehensible to the ordinary mind. These evil influences may be measured more simply on the unit of the working group. The working group of this country then consisted of a group of three, one working man or woman sustaining two other persons. The average family numbers five or a fraction less. It has not yet been possible, as a rule, for the head of a family to support a full average family of five.

MONOGRAPH SHOWING THE COURSE OF PRICES, WAGES, AND THE PURCHASING POWER OF WAGES. 1860–1890 INCLUSIVE.



The course of prices shows the average variation from a standard of 100 in 1860, computed upon the market prices of over two hundred articles.

The course of wages is computed on the general average of mechanical and manufacturing industries.

The data on which this monograph has been made are given in the report of the Finance Committee of the Senate on prices and wages for fifty-two years, compiled under the direction of Commissioner Carroll D. Wright.

We will deal first with the actual burden of taxation. In 1860 this country was on a gold basis. The necessary revenue for the support of the government was collected under the low tariff of 1857. It was derived wholly from articles of general consumption by rich and poor alike. The population numbered 31,443,321. The expenditures were $60,056,754, and the per capita amount was $1.91. The average taxation upon each group of three was therefore $5.73; on each family of five, $9.55.

In 1865 the national tax paid by the people of the loyal States was over $520,000,000, which sum amounted to more than twenty dollars per head. In that year much more than one-fourth of this tax was due to the doubling of prices, chiefly caused by the depreciation of the legal-tender notes.

In 1865 the head of a working group of three in the loyal States was called upon to contribute to the support of the government twenty dollars each for himself and his two dependents out of earnings of diminished purchasing power making $60.

In 1860 the average family of five persons paid $9 55. In 1865 the average family of five persons in the loyal States paid over $100. During the whole period of seven years, from 1862 to 1868 inclusive, the average family of five persons in the loyal States paid over $70.

The average family of five persons now pays $25, at $5 a head, of which one-half, only $2 50, is required to meet the normal cost of the government; the other half, $2 50, being devoted to war debt, interest, and pensions. At that rate—of $5 per head—we may fairly expect to meet all the necessary expenditures of the government, which come to $2 50 per head each year and to pay all the pensions and the remainder of the national debt in the next twenty years.

The rise in prices in the period of 1862 to 1868 with which we are dealing was very much greater than anything that can be explained by the increase of taxes. That difference between the purchasing power of labor in 1860 and the purchasing power of labor in 1865 and throughout the period which we are treating, making due allowance for increase of taxation, was almost wholly a contribution from the work of the many to the profits of the few. Given an increase in the quantity of things produced and distributed and given an increase of prices 35 per cent. greater than the increase in the average rate of wages, does not the difference of 35 per cent. stand for a share of the product secured by the few whose interest is mainly in the profits of production, at the cost of all consumers? I can only find an affirmative reply to this question.

In these conditions may we not find the origin of many of the great fortunes which then began to attract attention?

In 1865 the purchasing power of labor as compared to 1860 had lost 34 per cent. This loss was mainly due to the debasement of the currency, that is, to the forced circulation of bad money. In 1892 the purchasing power of a day's labor had regained this loss, and had further gained 72 per cent. as compared to 1860. This gain since 1879 has been made by adherence to the single standard and to the gold unit of value. The difference between bad money and good money has been 106 per cent. in favor of the great mass of the people. The purchasing power of labor is now double what it was in 1865. Whoever tampers with the currency may well take warning of these facts. In 1865 bad money was in forced circulation. In 1895 all kinds of money are redeemed or paid in good money.

The following statement may convey some idea to the minds of many persons of the magnitude of the indirect tax to which I have referred, namely, the false distribution of the annual product for seven years' working to the unearned profits of the few at the cost of the many:

The population of this country in 1860 numbered 31,443,321. Of this number 9,103,332 dwelt in States which attempted to secede, leaving 22,339,989 subject to taxation in the loyal States.

The increase in the population of the whole country between 1860 and 1870 was a little over 7,000,000. We may therefore estimate that in the loyal States during the seven years under consideration the population numbered 25,000,000 persons, of which the working force, occupied either in the conduct of the war itself or in all arts, mental, mechanical, and manual, numbered 8,300,000, including the armed forces. At one time about one man of arms-bearing age in every seven was under arms. The working population at home was then securing to its own use a diminishing proportion of an increasing product.

What was that product, and in what measure can this malignant effect of bad money be estimated? By various methods which I have tested in many years' experience in this study, I compute the average production of the people of the United States at the present time at $225 worth of goods and wares of all kinds per head. In 1880 I computed it at $200 worth. Labor is very much more effective now than it was during the war period, yet in that period a great many labor-saving inventions were perfected, and the railroad system became a unit, greatly diminishing the cost of transportation. It is perfectly safe to estimate the value of the annual product of the people of the loyal States during the seven years under treatment at not less than $150 worth per head at the high prices then prevailing, yielding an annual average product in the loyal States of the value of $3,750,000,000; for the seven years this product came to a fraction over $26,000,000,000 in the loyal States only.

It will be observed that during this period the average rise in wages in all the arts investigated by Commissioner Wright was from a unit of 100 in 1860 to 136, a rise of 36 per cent. The average rise in prices was from a unit of 100 in 1860 to 171, a rise of 71 per cent., a difference of 35 per cent. on the average for seven years. I can see no escape from the conclusion that that percentage (35) represents the proportion of the seven years' product which was either appropriated to the increase of taxation or was else transferred through the working of the depreciation of bad money from those whose chief income was derived from wages, salaries, and small earnings to that very small part of the population which derived its income mainly from profits. Thirty-five per cent. upon the gross product of the seven years comes to over $9,000,000,000. Taxation during these seven years amounted to $2,088,689,034, of which one-quarter part or more was due to bad or depreciated money. The remainder, $7,000,000,000, is the sum which would appear to have been secured under the name of profits by the few at the cost of the many. These profits were derived from the excess of 35 per cent. in the rise in prices as compared to the rise in wages. If there is any other aspect in which this case can be considered I have yet to find it. To my mind the evidence is conclusive that the influence of the depreciation of the currency due to the legal-tender acts of 1862 and 1863 cost the masses of the people during the seven years of war and of reconstruction not less than $1,000,000,000 a year in excess of the war taxes. These, as I have stated, are almost incomprehensible sums.

One thousand million dollars a year divided among the average of twenty-five million people yields a quotient of $40 per head. In other words, each workman supporting two others was doubly taxed—directly at $10 per head, $30 a year, for the conduct of the government and of the war, and indirectly at $40 per head, $120 a year, for seven years under the working of the legal-tender acts. I have computed the product at $150 per head, or at an average of $450 to the worker who supported two others; that product was the source of all taxes, profits, wages, and earnings, from which product this double tax took one-third.

Can it be possible that the farm laborer, the mechanic, the railway employé, the domestic servant, the teacher, the clergyman, the salesman, the saleswoman, the clerk, and the millions of others who paid increased prices for everything consumed at an average advance of 71 per cent. over the prices of 1860, while earning an increase of only 36 per cent. in wages, were taxed $150 a year, out of an average income of $450, mainly by the forced circulation of bad money? Such is the logic of the case. Suppose we compute average earnings at $500, or even $600, a year to each person occupied for gain—one in three of the population—and by so doing reach an annual product wholly at variance with and far above any reasonable estimate, still the burden is monstrous. At $600 each the tax was 25 per cent of their product.

How was this burden divided?

Taxation per capita as it might have been on a specie basis	$7 50
Increased cost of the war supplies growing out of the depreciation of the currency, per capita	2 50
Unearned profit caused by the rise in prices due to the depreciation of bad money, secured by the few at the cost of the many	40 00
Total per head	$50 00

or on three persons sustained by one $150.

Where is the fallacy in this reasoning? I can find none myself.

Can the people of this country, which is becoming the

great creditor nation of the world in our annual commerce—can the people who produce within their own borders all the necessaries of life, metals with scarcely an exception, food, fuel, fibres, and fabrics, upon whom other nations are depending for necessary supplies of one or another of these commodities—surrender their own control over their own unit of value, permitting their foreign customers and buyers of goods to force upon them a debased silver coin, when they hold in fact the command of the gold of the world? What does a man want who sells his product or his service for money? Nothing but money of the highest purchasing power, nothing but good money. What does a man want who has money to spend? Nothing but money of the highest purchasing power, nothing but good money. What does a nation require for its true money or unit of value? Nothing but that coin which has the highest purchasing power anywhere and everywhere in the world, and which bears the hammer test of good money.

Can those who advocate a debasement of the unit of value, or who advocate legal-tender acts which may force the masses of the people of this country to accept depreciated silver coin, be held capable of legislating upon monetary questions?

I have myself been startled by the logic of the facts which I have in this analysis for the first time attempted to develop. I have been myself inclined to question these results; but no true accountant ever forces a trial balance; no merchant or man of affairs will ever accept a balance sheet which is not given in the exact terms which the figures of the books disclose. I have therefore submitted this account current from the official figures of our national accounts, without changing, mitigating, or altering in any manner the force of the conclusion. If I have proved more than seems possible, then let the alleged conversion of the products of the labor of the many to the profit of the few be reduced by one-half, and on that moderate estimate every reader may derive his own lesson, and determine his own course in reference to the pending question between good and bad money.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The writer who deals with the question of death must needs disappoint his reader. He may himself have come to regard death as an event simple and consequent as birth, and he may be willing to consider it scientifically, philosophically, and even religiously, under this aspect. He may become so deeply interested in such a conception of it that he will forget the things which made it supremely important to him before he began his inquiry; but if he could come to close quarters with his readers he would find that they were hoping, trusting, longing for some magic from him which should show death not as the brink of a gulf which no plummet can sound and no eye pierce, but a bridge leading safely from this life to a life of endless individuality and unsevered consciousness, where love shall enjoy its own forever, where wrong shall be righted, and the injustice of fortune, of nature, of providence even, shall be repaired. Nothing less than this will satisfy the famine of the soul, which will never be appeased with speculations, or theories, or reasons, and which, it seems here and now, must persist beyond annihilation itself, incapable of oblivion, and proof against destruction. What have we to do with death, except as a means to life?

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> More life, and fuller, that we want,"

and unless the sage, the seer, can prophesy or promise that we shall have life more abundantly after death, we must turn from his wisdom with a sense of disappointment which we shall hide, perhaps, but shall not fail to feel. None the less, however, must he who disappoints our unreasoning expectation, content himself with what he knows and can affirm, leaving all else where time found it at the beginning, and will leave it at the end, in mystery; and in just so far as he is honest and sane, must he soberly or sorrowfully withhold from our desire the assurance of what no man knows, and what the Son of Man himself withheld from human knowledge.

I.

A Study of Death. By Henry Mills Alden. Harper & Brothers.

The author of God in His World attempts to ascertain through a Study of Death only the hither side of that otherwise unknowable fact of human experience; but he desires to behold it in its largest relation to life, and to find its true place in creation. To his view all creation is a departing and a returning; evolution is a process to the final involution; and all apparent flowering and fruiting is part of decay and death. The planet starts on its journey from the sun to reach the sun again; time emerges from eternity to immerge in eternity again. Out of the life that was the life that is passes into the life to come. Death has the office of Birth; or, we die into the world and we die out of it.

This view of the fact leaves the soul still to the anguish of a consciousness which knows death but knows not birth; and he who offers it does not stultify himself by trying to administer consolation where the Creator administers none. He can but suggest that in the life which we shall be born into from this, the wonder will be not that we shall forget this life, but that we shall remember the life that was before this. The trinity of existence will then be fully expressed, and those dim intimations of immortality from the past will be brightened for the soul into a full sense and knowledge of its eternity.

> "Because we, in our present existence, have no conscious knowledge of pre-existent states, it does not follow that the future life will be wholly denied such knowledge. Our conscious intelligence here is a distinctive characteristic of the ultimate order in the known series; and in man this intelligence involves peculiar powers of reflection, coordination, and interpretation, so that the psychical as well as the physical man surmounts the entire series resumed in him. In a new order it may be a characteristic of the creative communication that conscious intelligence shall be a clearer resumption, involving at least the conscious recognition of friends and kindred. Our cognition here of anything is unconsciously re-cognition, a seeing as through a glass darkly, a mere adumbration of a recognition hereafter which shall be a seeing face to face. Illusions there may be—the face itself is a veil—but there may be a more transparent mediation in the communication, undisturbed by the obscurations and refractions such as limit our present mental vision.
>
> "To our reason this subject is beset with difficulties, because we become entangled in dilemmas suggested by present relations, such as imprisoned the minds of the Sadducees in the problem they presented to Christ."

II.

To any reader of God in His World, I need not speak of the strong current of faith that sweeps through this Study of Death, and carries all its speculations onward to a deep of perfect trust. This may or may not be a merit; the author would be the last to claim it such; and I only note it in a book so utterly unecclesiastical that some may fail to perceive how utterly Christian it is. The last chapter of the study conjectures of another world, and it does this with honest scruple and hesitation, so far as concerns any embodiment of that world to our fancy or knowledge, but so far as concerns the reality conditioning its potential facts, it closes with the strongest affirmation.

> "Any conception of our present conditions carried forward into our imagination of those pertinent to a future life must undergo an inconceivable and, to us here, impossible transformation.
>
> "What we know as good and evil, life and death, is but the analogue to these as we shall know them in another harmony. It is sufficient for us that in the Christ-life Death and Evil are unmasqued for us and reconciled with the Eternal Life. Our faith is in the Resurrection through the power of this eternal life: in what form we know not, but we know in what similitude—in the likeness of the Son of God.
>
> "For the lifting and illumination of our life here is the great disclosure made. Our Lord's resurrection brought him back to us, as if born to us a second time, showing us the nativity of a spiritual body. His new words to his disciples, instead of intimating the joys and pains of another world, dwelt upon the sufferings of the Son of Man before he could enter into his glory. So does our faith comprehend our travail and sorrow, finding in these the true way of life, and that there is no other way. Christian philosophy, like science, finds in that which is the ground of heaviness the charm of levitation, the attraction which binds together a universe."

III.

The inquiry which closes so questionlessly runs through four divisions: Two Visions of Death, the natural and the spiritual; Native Impressions, resuming the notions of the younger world concerning life and death; Prodigal Sons, a Cosmic Parable, teaching how the divine divides unto humanity its living for that necessary departure from the father's house through life and the necessary return to it through death in the completed drama of existence; and Death Unmasked, a vision of the whole meaning of things through the resurrection of Christ.

Of the several chapters, I have read with the greatest interest that on Native Impressions, which has had for me a singular charm and suggestiveness, bringing me near to the heart of the world's childhood before it was so much sophisticated and affrayed, and when it imaginably accepted death simply. The chapter on the Divided Living also greatly interested me, because it proposed a credible explanation of creation; and I thought the essay on the Moral Order a singularly compendious and luminous summary of all the labor that man has had under the sun to define God by his own limitations.

> "What men at any time feel and believe socially is precisely what they feel and believe in their religious life, the rule of their conduct showing their thought of the divine. If they have a living righteousness, from hearts loving, forgiving, not judging, generous not according to exact measure, without servile fear of others or a desire to inspire such fear towards themselves, then to them God has this same living righteousness, from the same disposition of heart. What men think it is right for them to do they regard also as the righteousness of God. If they are satisfied with formal justice and with conformity to outward standards, then they deem such satisfaction an essential feature of divine government."

There was always a striving and a longing in the human heart for some such justice in the divine as we judge each other with in the world, and bring one to honor by and another to shame. But in this most important chapter we learn to see as we never saw before (I speak for myself, necessarily) that in the order of God, as in the order of Nature, there is apparently no such thing as men imagine to be justice.

> "The original sacrament of kinship—the fountain of primitive piety, God-ward or man-ward—laid no more stress upon justice than does Nature, save that it was not, like Nature, impartial in its inequity. It claimed indulgence from the human or divine father rather than justice—excessive and exclusive indulgence. With the expansion of kinship the limits of exclusiveness were also widened, looking forward to the idea of the All-Father—a spiritual idea, the perfect realization of which is the kingdom of heaven, whose inequities, whether of bliss or of pain, are as impartial as those of Nature—a kingdom, moreover, of living righteousness rather than of formal rectitude. . . . A new civilization begins the building of its temple of Justice—an association involving new impulses and motives which tend to the enlightenment and emancipation of all peoples. But the leaven is hidden, and in this new world, as in the old, there are cruel wars, feuds of caste, the development of selfish interests and of altruism as the expression of educated selfishness; slaveries are abolished only to give place to others harsher and less vital; and, regarding the merely outward aspects of all human economies, we seem, at the end of this nineteenth century, to be approaching an era of sterility like that reached in the development of the earth's structure before the appearance of cellular life."

These are hard sayings, but who shall gainsay them? Is it not the truth, brother-plutocrat, brother-socialist? But is the kingdom of heaven upon earth "an iridescent dream," then? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? What is heaven? What is right? We say one thing, and God's dealing seems to say another. But if we are wrong, whence came our error? Did error too come from the Unerring?

IV.

We had not to wait for the author of this book to tell us that Evil itself came from the Divine Goodness; but his words concerning the fact will have import and value for those who care to think upon it; and I can best refer the reader to those passages of his book which affirm its lasting inclusion in the scheme of the universe, and declare that it is not cast out of the heaven itself, where its meaning and that of Death "are unmasked for us and reconciled in the Eternal Life."

But the words affirm and declare, which I have used, scarcely report the spirit of this remarkable study, which is so largely tentative, and so little dogmatic. I feel indeed that my very manner of representing its conclusions involves a hardness and precision alien to its intentions; and I have done no justice to the poetry that interfuses its thought, and lifts it above the carnage field of controversy at all times. For my brute purposes of reviewing I have read it by myself and in swift course; but I would fain entreat any whom I may have interested in it to read it in a different fashion. It is eminently a book to be read aloud, by two friends or more, with pauses for talk about it, and with often recurrences to the text for the latent meanings. In this kind of perusal it will lend itself best, and will yield most fully its rare sweetness, and its secondary as well as its primary truth.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE WASTE OF ENERGY.

Every now and then some fool man writes to the papers to say that we are becoming a weak race; that the standard of height and measure of physical accomplishment are not what they were in the old days—whenever those were. The luxury of modern civilization and the substitution of mechanical for bodily energy are held accountable for this deplorable state of things. Of course it is useless to argue against them. No man who has grown accustomed to *pâté de foie gras* is going back to sustain himself on gluten bread while his salary keeps up, and no man is going to pay half a dollar to a workman to fix up his last summer's straw hat in two days when he can have the job done in ten minutes for half the money on an electrical machine.

But everybody must have noticed that with the decrease of occasion for manual labor there is a compensating output of energy in other directions. Man is constitutionally compelled to use his muscles. He has lost the prehensile caudality that adorned his thousand times great-grandfather, because his pursuit of agriculture and small game took him out of the trees and gave him an ampler footing on the ground; but with this rather unimportant exception he is stronger, bigger, and better equipped than the relative with which Mr. Darwin has endowed him.

The fact that he has everything done for him by machinery, except his breathing and a part of his thinking, leaves him with a surplus of bodily vitality. That surplus has to be worked off. Result: We have more athletic clubs, more riding and driving clubs, more bicycling clubs, more mountain-climbers, more political conventions, more prize-fights, more racing, more ball-playing, more yachting, more Sandows, more circus, and more reform than ever before. Nor is this all. There is a great deal of activity that never gets itself into the papers or into any form of public notice. In the privacy of his apartments many a banker and statesman inaugurates the day with a series of the most undignified and unexpected flexions and gyrations. He is conscious of a thickness at the waist that did not use to be there, and he is keeping down what he calls his corporation. He refuses the carriage, the cable and trolley car, and sometimes climbs as high as to the second floor of his office building without elevators or other assistance.

Now the aggregate of all this activity would be astonishing if we could mass it or collect it. It is a gigantic force in sum. It is like the pounding of the sea on ten thousand miles of coast, the passage of oceans of air across any given point, the rising of heat from the summer-baked surface of the earth, the pressure of billions of tons of atmosphere, rock, or water on any submerged area—all forms of power, static or mobile, that scientists of the future will surely put to use.

Why not employ this energy that is now so lavishly wasted? In old aristocratic societies it was against the unwritten law to do anything useful. A man might tire himself to death rowing, fishing, dancing, shooting, playing golf, and doing things like that, but if he sawed wood he was done for. These aristocratic conventions no longer obtain, except among the most gilded of the elect. There are men in England who wear coronets while getting their hats mended, yet are in pickles and literature and brewing. A thrifty practical spirit is working a slow and silent revolution even in the stronghold of social traditions, and one of these fine mornings a nobleman may be found going about on foot paying his debts.

The time is ripe to advocate the transformation or utilization of energy. What we need is a wood-yard for respectable middle-aged bankers. Instead of uselessly and tiresomely going through the setting-up exercises, or lifting himself from the floor by ropes, or revolving with great violence around a bar, or punching a bag, the banker could go out early and saw wood. He would get fully as much exercise as by the domestic calisthenics, and his exercise would count for something. The excitement of a sport could be brought into the event, for a race between a number of portly gentlemen, to see which one would first get through his cord of wood, could hardly fail to be considered as an improving and exhilarating spectacle.

As to the wood, when it was sawed it could be distributed in charity, and there is no doubt that plenty of takers could be found. There are wood-yards which are designed for the purpose of allowing men of a naturally restful disposition to earn their suppers and lodgings. But if their places were taken by bankers, these sons of rest could enjoy the suppers and lodgings, and conserve their own energies for pedestrian exercises. The banker converts his arm strength, we will say, and the man who is always looking for work improves the type by developing his legs. And when you come to think of it, the leg might be made as useful to the general cause as the arm. By allowing the—er—tramp to work, say on a tread-mill, for a matter of twelve or fourteen hours a day, and by supplying him with tread-mills in towns where he has expected to find welcome only in gin-mills, there would be a development of force sufficient to run a woollen mill or a saw-mill or a fistic mill in at least every county. This possible economy of energy is commended to the thought of the scientific and philanthropic. It offers a way of solving several problems.

GOLF.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

AN ANARCHISTS' RESTAURANT AND ITS PROPRIETOR.

ANARCHY IN PARIS.

BY J. H. ROSNY.—ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RENOUARD.

NOTE.—The following article, by a special student of the topic, was prepared prior to the recent outrages in connection with Baron de Rothschild. The justice of the point of view, however, is rather confirmed than impaired by the Rothschild incident, which had no general anarchistic bearing contradicting M. de Rosny's analysis.—*Editor of "Harper's Weekly."*

THE death of President Carnot was the signal for the rout of the French Anarchists, and especially of the Anarchists of Paris. It occurred at the moment when Anarchy was making the most stir in the world, when all the social forces were opposed to it. The bearing of the incident did not appear at first, and the Anarchists announced a forth-coming series of events more violent than the trilogy of Vaillant, Henry, and Caserio Santo. Furthermore, a large number of them, and among them all the new-comers, did not endorse the fatal attack on the President of the Republic. They declared that such a thing was a returning to old methods, to a *vieux jeu*, to political outrage. Correct anarchistic tactics should consist in scattering, as if at random, alarm among the middle classes. There must not be any choosings, for choice implies individual animosities. The popular pulse must be quickened, terror must be sown everywhere, no single upholder of society as it is must be allowed the illusion that a humble station and the obscurity of position in life could shelter him from a propaganda by action. All who are not in anarchistic revolt were, by that attitude, culpable. The cowardly hesitation of an employé, of a day-laborer, "voluntary victim of the infamous capitalist," is criminal, in a certain sense more criminal than the desire to be rich on the part of the manufacturer, the merchant, and the banker. There must be now no idle distinctions. The more the anarchistic attack could be made impersonal, just so much the stronger it will tell, above and below, far and wide, and the more it must set to thinking those people convinced of the same state of things in society, and incite them to join the revolt.

But in spite of this view the Anarchists prepared themselves to support vigorously the deed of Caserio Santo. Every one of the members of the propaganda by act and deed predicted a period of fearful cataclysms, an era of individual anarchistic activity which no organized force could contest. According to these men, the year 1894 ought to be the first year of an anarchistic Terror. We know now that it proved to be precisely the contrary. Public opinion expressed itself with an extreme power, authority bestirred itself with a vigor in some instances exaggerated. In a moment the organs of the anarchistic newspaper press vanished, books were confiscated, the clubs dissolved, and thousands of police perquisitions and arrests took place without warning. We looked for some final explosion of the anarchists, some supreme and desperate effort. There was none. Anarchy remained inert; the era of outrage seemed ended; the leaders were despatched *en masse* to New Caledonia. Since that fatal evening of June there has not occurred one single episode of death, not one anarchistic murder.

What, then, have the Anarchists been doing these many months? What plans have they formed; what sort of an existence has been theirs; what are their hopes; how do the present and the future appear in their eyes? These are complex questions which the intelligent police understand better than any other people, and into which certain other observers have now looked.

It is first to be remarked that one malady, the propaganda by acts of violence, the *propaganda par le fait*, has met with a serious check, even in the minds of those Anarchists who are still in France. The epidemic is calmed; that hypnotic condition which sets up an example and its violent glorification no longer rules. If the theory as to this has not itself abdicated, the morbid imitation of it has departed, and a considerable number of the Anarchists appear now inclined to suppress the idea of murder among their methods of conversion, and to look askance at those bandits who are seeking a kind of rehabilitation in making their misdeeds depend upon a theory. In a word, Anarchy seems disposed now to substitute "example" through the affairs of daily life for its "example" by assassination; to establish its hopes on persuasion rather than on violence. This attitude is particularly to be remarked in that class, always large in France, who take up a doctrine without looking over-carefully into it, who take it up simply because the idea seems to be the latest development of advanced notions. This public never amounts to a party, strictly speaking, but it helps potently to develop one. It is enough that it should manifest a tendency to draw back in order to make even the most violent fraternity yield to its influence. And we can be certain that the militant Anarchists in France are affected by it very plainly.

As to the greater part of the Anarchists themselves, they are as hampered as possible. One must also thoroughly grasp the fact that they always have been hampered. Their newspapers did not tell a falsehood in declaring that everything was now left to the "individual initiative." Vaillant, Henry, Caserio Santo—they have all acted strictly on their own account. The only general tactics operating were the perpetual incitements of clubs and journals. To-day the clubs and newspapers have almost disappeared, the most concentrated ones excepted, precisely those upon which theorizing bears the least, those who can make plans.

The hopes of the Anarchist, on the other hand, have not diminished so much; but in place of depending on force they lean much upon a vague belief in the increasing disorganization of society to-day; on the sentiment of a sort of decomposition in its powers, principles, industries, which tends fatally toward Anarchy, *that last refuge of men*, disabused by thousands of years of servitude and government. One encounters that idea as much among the militant Anarchists as in the larger mass; and it acquires a special force in consequence of such episodes as the general arrest of the "blackmailers" in the newspaper profession, the resignation of M. Casimir-Perier—small matters which the anarchistic theorists exaggerate amazingly, and wherein they would discover the evidence of a condition of affairs in the state unable longer to conceal its secret sores. "We have nothing now to do with striking blows at this 'society,'" said to the writer an Anarchist met by chance; "it is striking the blows at itself, and it will keep on striking them at itself up to the very moment when there will be nothing left of it but fragments. It is enough if we make us new adherents." Evidently there is nothing to reproach in a party that assumes this pacific tone.

The existence of Parisian Anarchists has been terrible during many months, and it can hardly have improved. Those men who escaped the police raids—*razzias*—lost completely, as a general thing, all regular means of livelihood. While their arrested associates have filled up the prisons or set out for New Caledonia, these men have studied to disguise themselves, to bury themselves in secret refuges, to change identities and names and physical aspects. Those who were accustomed to wearing their hair or their beards long, had themselves, of course, clean-shaved; others, on the contrary, let mustaches and beards grow unmeasurably. Many others affected infirmities; others betook themselves to all the disguises, too well known, of conspirators and criminals. The most difficult matter, however, was not in these things, but in finding a safe concealment, and in being able to get bread enough to eat every day in the week. A very few of them still dare to resort to terrorizing, that system of menace which has kept in existence such a legion of *fumistes* by bankers, parliamentarians, and prominent manufacturers. On this topic can be seen a curious collection of communications addressed to Tournadre by notabilities of all sorts. The greater part of the Anarchists live in lamentable poverty, without other resources than the devotion of friends, women included, in timid mendicity. As everybody is fearful of compromising himself, hardly anybody replies to letters of appeal. The Anarchist must emerge from his hiding-place and run the risk of knocking at doors. He stakes his liberty a hundred times; he has to appear as a mendicant before the very men who detest his ideas, in

A TYPICAL ANARCHIST BEAUTY.

asking their compassion; he must meet with flat refusal or some ironical bit of charity along with a request not to reappear. The most proud-spirited content themselves with some sort of occupation, some work, even if of very humble sort. But it happens that nothing is more difficult than this very matter of giving them work. The applicant must either be presented under his actual name and without any subterfuges, or else under a false name and with concealment of opinions. In this last case if the person recommending him does not exactly become an anarchistic accomplice, he nevertheless deceives those to whom he recommends his man, and faces responsibilities of the most serious and tedious nature.

PROFILE OF A HERO.

It is needless to say that, all the same, a very large number of the Anarchists resort to borrowed names. One of the most dangerous of the fraternity has been a waiter in a boulevard café, an occupation which he had already tried some two years before. Another one has managed to become the *suisse* in a church. Some have even found lowly occupations in the houses of their worst foes. A considerable number have adopted *camélotage*. And a very large number have finally betrayed "the cause," and have found situations by grace of their repentance. There cannot, however, be counted among these repentant ones a certain well-known little Anarchist, a very firebrand, who never thought of anything except wounds, but who chanced to become an heir, and who now is one of the firmest pillars of social order! The most equivocal individuals have duly put themselves at the service of the police, and have eaten the bread of denunciations. One beardless young Anarchist disguised himself in woman's clothing, and for many weeks served out butter and eggs and cheese at a cheesemonger's shop, until he finally ran off to London. Another managed to become intimate with a certain member of the police service—this last a man not of the least clever type. Our *policier* talked over with him various exploits, his projects and discoveries; and, thanks to these confidences, the Anarchist succeeded in saving several of his associates. But a fragment of a letter which the Anarchist fancied he had duly destroyed put the agent of the police on guard. It did not take the latter a long time to be convinced that he had been made a fool of; and so one fine morning he appeared in proper person along with a squad of officers to compass the arrest of his ex-comrade. Our Anarchist was of the energetic kind. He tried to save himself, resisted with vigor, and wounded one of the police agents. He was, by the parlance of the French police, "*passé à tabac*" with special care, and bore signs of severe handling before his judges.*

Awhile ago, when the writer used to go to some anarchistic meetings to study them philosophically, it saddened and amused him to observe one small man, violent of language, with a thunderous voice—a man really incapable of killing a fly. People who had known him before his conversion to Anarchy did not believe in the sincerity of his convictions. He had been drawn into the cult by the success of some of the loud-mouthed, and by the delight of his auditors in hearing him pour out a torrent of anarchistic abuse with a picturesqueness, an energy, and a carelessness quite special. It is probable that he would have had just as much success in another environment, and he had not even informed himself as to what Anarchy was or was not. Such a man is an example of an anarchistic character extremely common in Paris, where a burst of applause can decide a man's life, or the success at a *fumistérie* become the turning-point of a career. This individual used to make a frightful uproar, extolled "Ravachol, the Messiah," threatened opponents with "doing their business for them," proposed sanguinary resolutions, and wore the symbolic cravats. He unburdened himself of infernal articles in the *Père Peinard*, where the order of the "Lanterne de Père Duchêsne" constituted the chief source of anarchistic epithets and the main supply of arguments. He walked abroad invariably armed with a very bludgeon of a walking-stick, which contrasted with the rest of his careful toilet. Just as soon as the law interdicted incitement to murder, our man was looked after. He took refuge in a sort of barn, a mere garret, where he laid aside the elegances of life. Dressed in a vile moth-eaten white blouse, a cap on a head of hair now close-cut, though formerly like a lion's mane, his mustache reduced to its lowest terms, he lived some time by the aid of his comrades and by the sale of his superfluous effects. But before long he found himself brought down to the most absolute poverty. His friends had been arrested in police raids, and he, who had lauded "Ravachol, the Messiah," could look for little comfort from citizens now that terror had given place to a keen sentiment of revenge. He passed whole days without eating a crust of bread. The garret even failed him. He hid himself in the nights; found here and there a few hours of hospitality; he became one of the gatherers of cigar ends in the streets, and without doubt went as far as begging. At last he caught a cold which took him to the hospital. There for a time he concealed his identity, but he was at last recognized and denounced. And from the moment in which he saw himself discovered he regained his lost audacity, began once more to celebrate "Saint Ravachol" and to heap obscenities on society. He showed much firmness before the police and the judges, was sent to New Caledonia, and ended by perishing in a mutiny by a shot from a revolver. All things taken into consideration, this man was only the victim of his vanity rather than of his belief.

Such an anarchistic personality is set forth here because the type is excessively frequent. A livelier interest, if one mingled with regret, attaches to those men who are at once really sincere, enthusiastic, and passionately eager for the happiness of mankind. There are some of considerable intellectual force, as in the instance of Élisée Reches, but most often we have victims of their own *naïveté*. They imagine that we would all be better off in this world in what is styled a normal condition—a *milieu normal*. And a *milieu normal* is a *milieu* of absolute liberty. They swallow with delight that sort of poetic romancing which is found in Krapotkin's *Conquête du Pain*. They dream of the delights of working without compulsion, now in the fields, now in the towns, such as those to which we are transported by the imagination of the princely Anarchist named. Moreover, these will not personally commit any outrages, nor urge them on other Anarchists, but they will never denounce those of their brethren who do not think as they do. A victim of this type the writer has known. An agreeable life was promised him, for his uncle, a rich manufacturer, wished to maintain him as a son. He preferred to devote himself to "the happiness of humanity," and, so choosing, the uncle, an inflexible man, without a pang of remorse, would willingly let him starve to death. Since the Henry affair this unfortunate fellow has not known a moment's peace. At the bottom of the court of an ice-house he lodges in a little room lacking air, lacking light. He would starve a hundred times over without his companion in misery, one of those women in this world who are happy in sacrificing themselves for reprobates. On his part, he has uselessly sought any kind of work—copying, drudgery, an office-boy's post; but it has been impossible for any of his friends to obtain a post for him. He has exhausted all the methods of indirect solicitations for help, written every imaginable kind of letter. His quarters are so close that in the morning his fellow-victim and himself awake in a sort of semi-asphyxiation, which does not dissipate except by slow degrees as the outside air steals in. When the autumnal or wintry days come, what air enters on the one hand revives them, on the other chills them. Constantly they suffer with that burning feeling in their stomachs that comes to those who eat almost nothing except actual bread—a sensation particularly tending to give a sombre cast to the thoughts and to irritate the nervous. *She*, his friend, there with him, is pale—her eyes sunken, her hair lustreless. He, once a man of healthful countenance, has become during this last year as pallid as she is. Wrinkles have come to show themselves around his eyes, and hair once black has become plentifully white. And over and over recurs the eternal question, "What is to be done?" The hope of a mere chance, of a miracle, comes each morning, and is extinguished each night. One thing only is left day by day—begging. And so he tries to tidy up his worn-out garments and boots with only their uppers; and she knots an old cravat around a celluloid collar, washed with a napkin's end. He wears a full beard (one of those which only need care to be handsome), and wears his hair very long as well. Such as he is, thus you have the very type of face which speaks of hunger and death, a face at once sinister and pathetic. Ready to sally forth, he goes first of all to learn if there be any letter for him with the concierge—that providential letter which all these wretched ones expect. Then he slips out into the street furtively, forbidding himself to look around him lest he attract the eyes of others. Somewhat reassured, he breathes again; he glances about on that humanity which goes its way, seemingly not inquiet as to its future, and resigned indeed to that present which he deems an outrage. Then reality takes hold of him once more, and he must think of what he is about. In vain does he try to recall the name of a citizen likely to be more propitious than the rest. He has exhausted everywhere the small charity of those who do not share his opinions. He must depend on chance now. Almost everywhere he meets no success, the rebuff of one whom the servants are ordered to turn away. Suppose, however, that by accident some one is surprised into receiving him. He does not presume immediately to beg; he explains his great anxiety to work at something, anything, be it to unload coal or vegetables. He is heard with impatience or a kind of fear; sometimes he is aided in a trivial fashion; most often he only hears complaints of narrow circumstances, of business that is unprofitable, and he comes away empty-handed.

And so he prowls along the streets, instinctively looking down, not up, remembering that on one past day of semi-starvation he picked up a piece of meat wrapped up in paper. Time drags on. He rambles on still, afraid and ashamed to go home. He ends by trying to obtain some relief at a wine-seller's little shop, where there is apt to be a meeting of his old associates. Sometimes he finds a handful of them there indeed, and is helped by a trifle; generally there is with them also only the end of everything—the very beer-mugs before them empty, and none of the circle possessed of a sou to pay for another round of drink. In murmurs they talk of their acquaintances who are prisoners, of those despatched to New Caledonia; and the lassitude of the speakers is so complete now that they hardly anathematize society! Long silences interrupt the conversation—there is talk of suicide from some. Even if at such meetings there are one or two Anarchists who believe in violence, there are no more recommendations to set about "doing something" before one dies of misery; and, moreover, none of those who threaten to take their own lives are expected to make good their words, and they are advised against it, from moral stand-points, merely as a form. Such a scene as this lasts long in the mind of our Anarchist. He has wished that *he* could be courageous enough to kill himself; now and then, as he crawls back to his abode in the dusk, he again fancies that he will do so; and it is in such a mood of gloom that he reaches his dwelling-place. He has brought back nothing; he drops into a chair, utterly broken in spirit, gnawed by a terrible hunger. And she, his fellow-sufferer? She embraces him compassionately; she has had no more luck than he, save finding a mouthful of bread. In the darkness they sit eating that bread! And now, at such times, no longer does he feel the illusion and excitement of the martyr; he does not believe in the blessing that comes with the *milieu normal*. He is now merely the victim of a sad chimera, and he feels sure of it though he dares not say as much. Yes, he perceives it all now; and yet he will be obstinate in all his misery; and he will know long months more of torture. He perceives all this; but an inexplainable force, a power that is not the old convictions, one which is only the spectre of ancient promises, the phantom of pledges now weakened to nothing—these keep their hold on him, and he cleaves to a fatality which is for some luckless beings inevitably fixed.

It is plain that there are many variants from this sketch of the hardships of an Anarchist of ordinary intelligence, of a certain gentleness of disposition, and of sincere convictions. As to another type, and the advocates of violence, one class, generally speaking, endure without too much discomfort their situation; and the violent are almost always arrested, unless they have decamped to other lands. Those who are imprisoned suffer little, except in the case of those who rebel, and who must be severely served in consequence. There are relatively few arbitrary arrests, when one considers the powers that the recent laws delegate to the magistracy and the police. It can be said that the police have not been slack, and that their clearing out of the evil has been thorough. Perhaps this was not so very hard to do, for our French Anarchists never have reached the degree of ingenuity of the Russian Nihilists. The men of action in Anarchy in Paris certainly have been taken into charge at the rate of eight out of ten; and as for the Anarchists who are talkers and writers, they have lost the plant for their propaganda. There is a remnant of conspirators; yes; some feeble machines and bombs have been tried, vague outrages have been schemed, but nothing worth while to record. But wait! One incident at least is such, and if it cannot be guaranteed as true, it is at least amusing. There were five Anarchists living up near the Butte Montmartre. They used to hold meetings in a sort of ruined dwelling, a relic of some wretched old buildings, pulled down within a few years. They talked over terrific plans, and each one of the five pledged himself to produce dynamite, chlorate of potassa, and other mighty detonators. One of them proposed to blow up the Bank of France, another the Bourse, another the Senate, yet another one suggested taking advantage of a ball at the Hôtel de Ville or at the Palais Élysée to annihilate hundreds of the *bourgeois*—in a word, each of the party

"VIVE L'ANARCHIE!"

* Apropos of what is known in the police service as the "*passage à tabac*," it may be remarked here that this custom has not that arbitrary character generally accorded to it. It originated in the fact that the Parisian criminal is very apt to defend himself, and to do so by employing dangerous weapons. The inferior police service has reckoned it indispensable to have it established that the wrong-doer who defends himself shall be punished in direct ratio to his defence, and there exists a *manicle d'accord* between the sergeants and the criminal, according to which those men who give themselves up will be treated with gentleness, with even consideration. It is alleged that the custom of the "*passage à tabac*" will make the most dangerous criminals prudent, and as a general thing induce them to give over the idea of resisting the police, except by stratagem.

pictured some act really grandiose. One evening, while they were discussing by the light of a candle end, their asylum was invaded; the police made a sudden descent, and our conspirators were all arrested without any one of them attempting to resist, though each man had vowed that no police should ever take *him* alive! And, at the instant of their being taken away by the officers, lo! each of the five Anarchists pulled a little card out of his pocket. The five were all merely secret agents of the Detective Police Service in disguise, employés of different superintendents, and not acquainted with each other, and were all playing the same game—at each other. *Se non vero....!*

It may be asked, not without concern, whether, after this long stupor in which they find themselves is over, they will not organize in some occult manner. Will they not find some more subtle methods of a propaganda? Will they not take advantage of the gradual disarming, as it were, which follows surely the terms of repression of Anarchy? All this is probable, but it can occur without danger, perhaps. It is indeed a fatal thing for the cause if it rests, becomes modified, undergoes a change in temperature, just as the Marxists and the "Possibilists" have been affected. It is now almost certain that a highly important schism is in progress. Along with the agitators and bomb-throwers there is slowly forming a party destined to become a counterweight to the despotic doctrines of the Socialists and *Communistes-Autoritaires*. One particular word has been a good deal heard in the course of the last few years—the term *Libertaire*. An anarchistic *Libertaire* is a man who inclines to oppose the *Autoritaire* in the same manner that in politics the Liberal used to array himself against the Ultramontanist in contests past. It may be said that this tendency exists now everywhere. Yes; but it is important to observe that this section takes a special consistency in the very advanced anarchistic party. The Socialists trouble themselves very little about even a manifest tendency on the part of the common enemy, the *bourgeois*, the citizen. They scorn *en bloc* the arguments of the capitalists. But it is not at all the same matter when these arguments are taken up in the name of the people by the revolutionary groups in the party, and particularly by the new-comers into anarchistic faith. Therewith the argument which was despised becomes an argument to be dreaded, and it must be taken into one's consideration. A Collectivist does not dread from the general mass of the *bourgeois* anything but an acquired *force;* but from a reactionist he dreads the *idea*. Now the revolutionist idea (absurd if pushed to its extreme limits) can become, and will necessarily become, the *contre-partie* of the Marxist's idea; it is the very thing which will introduce the so-called *revendication à la liberté*.

In this sense, then, Anarchy under another name will probably disclose itself in the broad political daylight, and even will assume a firm development, unless we can suppose that the whole socialistic problem will some day cease to set itself up for consideration. This supposition is ridiculous. The social problem will continue to present itself, and ever will become more and more a problem, in all Europe, in all America. It evidently will not be resolved in either a Marxist or a *Libertaire* sense. Plainly, it will not finish in the suppression of the capitalist, but it will modify the relations between Labor and Capital. And how? We yet know not; and probably all the actual prophets would be a deal astonished if they could obtain indeed a vision of the future. But we can feel how it all will be—even the most determined partisans of a *statu quo* kind. In the mean time, it is not foolish on one hand to believe that the social evolution will take much time; and that, on the other hand, new parties will succeed to the advanced parties of this time. These new parties will not be wholly diverse from those of old; but they will be others. Now it is impossible that in this genesis of new parties Anarchy will not exert great influence. At the beginning it will continue to make pretensions to work only for the infantile ends that it actually undertakes; but little by little it will become the faction of "socialistic liberty" as opposed to "socialistic authority," the following of individual aspirations against the compulsory Collectivist. It will become, in short, the "Libertaire" party instead of the anarchistic one.

This sort of transformation already is visible in a large number of individuals. The writer has known many Anarchists who to-day are inclined to alter the label; the untoward status of their party has disillusioned them. They do not yield to what they term persecution. They do yield to the inutility of acts of violence—as demonstrated useless by persecution. One of the most sensible and widely heard men in the party said, a week or so ago, to a friend of the writer:

"The reaction which has followed the great *attentats* of 1893 and 1894 has clearly indicated that our epoch reproves assassination in all its forms, and that even heroism itself does not justify such suppression. It is also evident that there is no possible cohesion between the propagandist through the knife or the dynamite. If this has not, in my opinion, come as a plain result of events, the most ardent persecution would not make me draw back a step. We have now but one means—persuasion, example. We will refuse to do what we deem incompatible with the dignity of a man. We will demonstrate by our conduct that we despise all actual order, we will die, if necessary, for our convictions—but we will not make any more attacks on other men's lives."

The constitution of a *Libertaire* following, once penetrated by these sentiments, will very likely offer troublesome considerations; but such things will be compensated by great advantages. All those Anarchists who dread the barracks system, the rigidities of the Marxists, will be well pleased to see a sort of *libertaire* Utopia opposed to it.

We are not yet there, however. Bitter grudges still subsist, and it is reasonable to expect recurrences of more or less violent *attentats*. But one can almost predict that any such things will not come from the older anarchists. They have almost all come to appreciating the folly of such methods. But there are unknown partisans, newcomers, the men slow to take in new ideas, who are not actual Anarchists. These need not be feared, because they are neither very many nor very terrible. They will only add to the general sentiment of reprobation, and facilitate the adjustment of new and moderate parties.

While we are waiting for such a good matter—justice, the police, are not laying aside their arms. The special secret police service, organized because of and for Anarchy, exercises its functions vigorously. At the least sign of danger come the perquisitions, the pursuit, the arrests. This state of things must go on for some time, and it must continue to be unpleasant for a lot of unoffending persons who are at the mercy of stupid denunciators. Our police are not always gentlemen of polite society. We have herewith another cause to detest the dynamiters. At all events, we live under the *régime* of liberty of the press, and of liberty of meetings in clubs and societies, as never before since our history began. The world says what it chooses, puts into print what it chooses. The police department is not supposed to intrude itself into the full *intimité* of acts and intentions. To-day, however, the press is menaced, the police have become an element of social life; and one can hardly tell what he would not wish to the ten or twelve madmen who have deserved such conditions, or to those senseless writers who have not been afraid to stimulate men to commit murder.

THE SCHOOL BENCH OF ANARCHY.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

THE best known and at the same time the most distinguished chemist and biologist of the time has just died in France. The greater number of the people know of this man, Louis Pasteur, on account of his investigations of hydrophobia, and his experiments to prevent that disease by inoculation. In the experiments and investigations that brought to this persevering, patriotic, and gifted man his most widespread fame and greatest popular recognition it is quite possible, indeed probable, that he was doing the least original if not the least valuable work of his long and laborious life. In other though kindred lines of work he had made entirely original investigations, and arrived at sound conclusions in exact opposition to the theories previously accepted by the scientific world. It may be, therefore, that when a just estimate of the work of Louis Pasteur is formulated, those things which made him popularly famous will be least esteemed, while other achievements will give to him that enduring fame which may not be challenged.

The records of his life are not exciting, though to serious folk they are more than interesting; they are inspiring, for they show that industry, enthusiasm, and even moderate gifts can combine to make a man, however humble his origin, a benefactor of his kind. Pasteur's father was by trade a tanner, but he had served as a soldier in the Grand Army of the first Napoleon. When the wars which did not establish a Napoleonic dynasty were over, Pasteur, the retired soldier, established himself as a tanner in Dôle, in the Department of the Jura, and there in 1822 was born his son Louis, who has just died, after giving to his name an enduring place in the history of the world. When the son was two years old, his father moved with his family to Arbois, and there as a principal the father tanned leather in large quantities. The rudiments of his education were acquired by Louis Pasteur in the local schools of Arbois, and then he entered Besançon College. Before he entered college, it is said, he did not appear to be anything of a student, but, on the contrary, he was considered to be over-fond of sketching and drawing. His school friends entertained the idea that he was destined by nature for an artistic career, and his skill was so much approved that they predicted that he would win medals and fame on a far different field from that which subsequently engaged his energies. But he had been at Besançon a very little while before his natural bent disclosed itself to him, to his instructors and his companions, and it was long ago related of him that before he received his academic degree the Professor of Chemistry at Besançon acknowledged that Louis Pasteur knew more chemistry than he did. This indicates that from the first he had a genius for the science and a calling for original investigations. He took the degree of Bachelor of Letters, and, after his graduation, was appointed a tutor. During this tutorship he prepared to enter the *École Normale*, and on his examination was admitted. Standing, however, only fourteenth in the class of candidates, he retained his tutorship for another year, and spent what time he could in further preparation. Then he was examined again, and, out of one hundred applicants, stood fourth. This appeared to meet in some measure the requirements of his ambition, and therefore in 1845 he entered the school. Two years later, his career having been always distinguished in the school sense, he was graduated and given a degree.

Immediately after his graduation he was made Professor of Physics in the college at Dijon. Three months later he was called to the University of Strasburg, where he was appointed Professor of Physics in the Faculty of Sciences. He staid here several years, and then in 1854 organized the Faculty of Sciences at Lille. Three years later he went back to Paris, and assumed the direction of the scientific studies at the *École Normale*, his predecessor being Dumas, his friend and preceptor. Dumas, noting Pasteur's capacity for work and originality in investigation, said of him, forty years ago, "He will increase as I shall decrease."

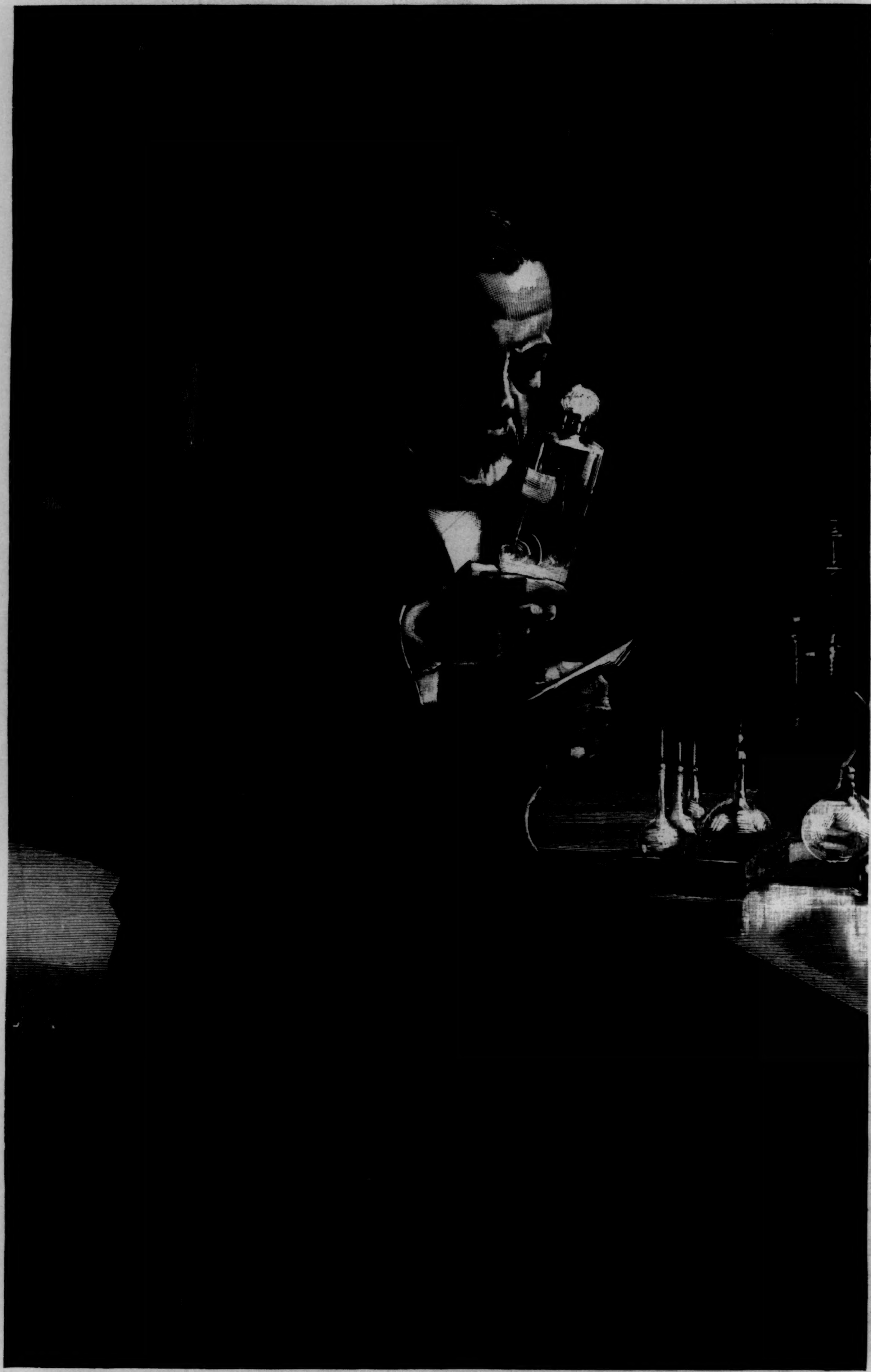
As director of the Normal College and professor in the College of Fine Arts, M. Pasteur won a deal of distinction in the scientific circles of France, but it was later that his investigations brought to him that notability which enabled him to get a serious hearing, however novel his ideas might be. In 1865 his colleague M. Dumas was studying the plague of the silkworm, which was destroying one of the most considerable industries of France. The indications were that the industry would be ruined. Dumas could make nothing of it, nor begin to find a remedy. Returning to Paris, he told Pasteur that he must do what Dumas had failed in. Pasteur demurred. "I have never seen a silk-worm," said he. Dumas protested that that made no difference. The prosperity of France demanded that some one should discover the cause and the remedy for the plague. He insisted that Pasteur should enter upon the work, which was not only of science, but of patriotism. Pasteur reluctantly consented, and went to the silk region, where the plague called febrine was doing such serious damage.

It was not long before M. Pasteur had something definite to say. He announced that what was killing the silk-worms was a disease caused by parasites. "Let us kill all the parasites," he said, "and the disease will be ended." France laughed at him, called him, then forty-four years old, a young fool, and the Academy of Sciences by formal resolution censured him for bringing a noble profession into ridicule. "You are a chemist," he was told: "this is the field of biology: let the cobbler stick to his last." And so on and so on came the reproaches from the scientific and the industrial world. But Pasteur was not moved in the least by all this noise and bluster. He was confident that he was right, and so, with what complacency is left to a sensitive nature after universal attack, he persisted in his theory. He took the Mayor of St.-Hippolyte, in the heart of the silk district, to a silk establishment, and there he selected a dozen or more of different lots of moths, after examining them carefully. These he numbered. Then he wrote a prediction as to what each lot would produce, and sealed this up. He prophesied that one lot would produce healthy worms and another diseased ones. The whole matter and the prediction were left in the Mayor's hands. It turned out just as Pasteur had predicted. His advice was followed, and the plague was soon at an end. This was a triumph against the whole scientific world, and in the laboratories, at least, now Pasteur was famous.

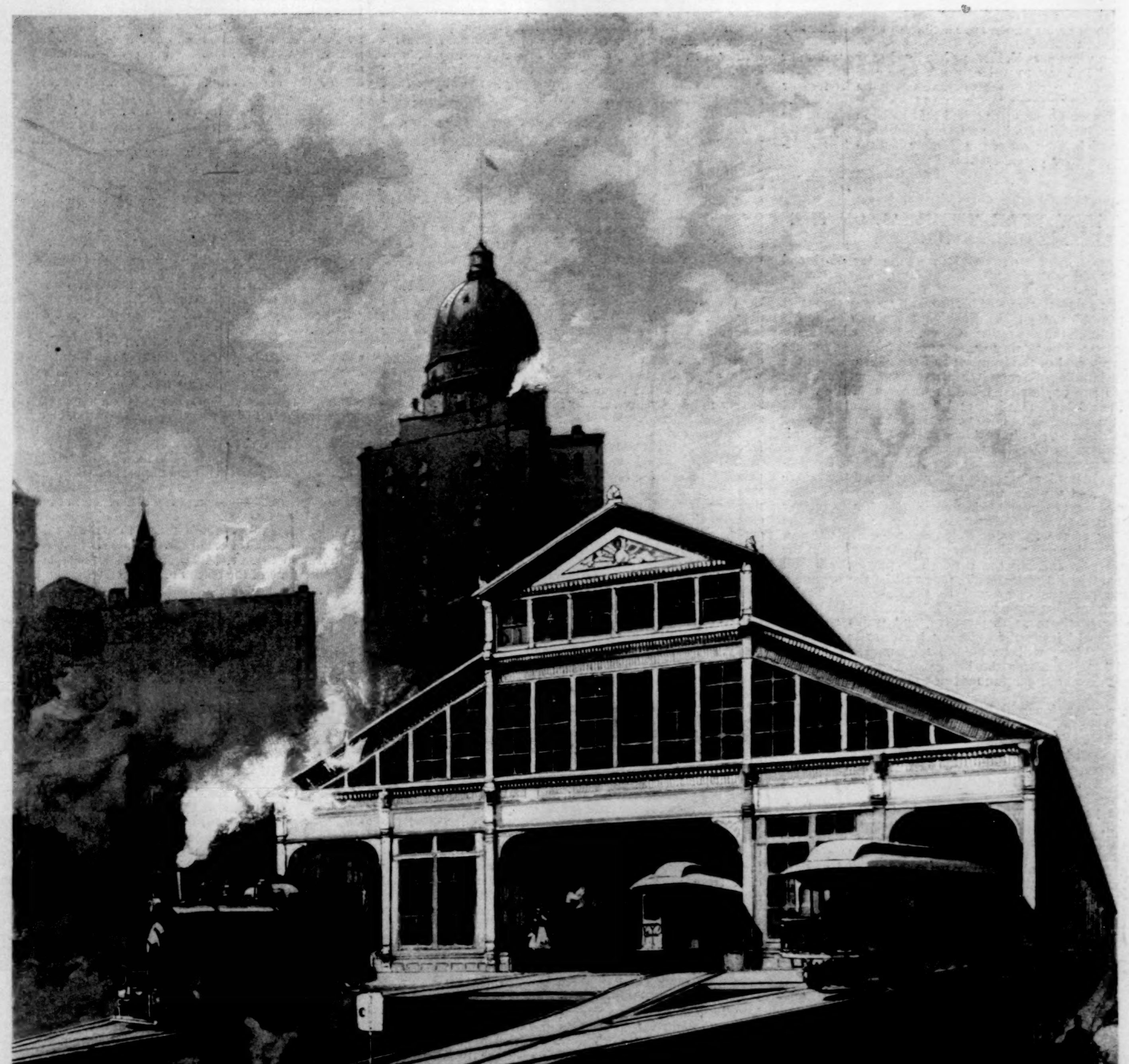
His next success against accepted ideas was on the subject of spontaneous generation. It was in the investigation of fermentation and similar phenomena that he this time came in conflict with the accepted idea of the scientists. He declared boldly that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation, but that life always came from life. This was the birth of the germ theory in the treatment of many diseases. When he was asked to prove his theory, he set up his laboratory on a mountain-top, and showed conclusively that in pure air, where there could be no contagion of germs, no fermentation could occur, and that therefore there was no spontaneous fermentation. His friend and colleague, M. Dumas, did not believe in this theory until it was proved. He, however, was convinced by the mountain-top experiments, and, as the first chemist in France, his sanction carried great weight. Professor Tyndall, in England, also acquiesced in the value of the experiments, and said, "They have restored the conviction that life does not exist without antecedent life."

With the acceptance by the scientific world of these two original theories of M. Pasteur there came to him a generous recognition, and he was made a member of all of the considerable scientific academies in the world, and he received medals the like of which none but successful soldiers usually receive. But in a certain sense he was a soldier, a combatant against the misunderstood ravages of nature. To give a list of his decorations up to this time would fill a quarter of a column of this paper.

In 1870 he began his investigations of the value of inoculation for other diseases than small-pox. He found that it was possible so to treat a microbe that its power for evil could be controlled to any degree; that is, it could be exalted or attenuated at the will of the person who controlled it. Having invented this method, he originated a scheme of graduated vaccination so as to prevent rabies in those who had been bitten by mad dogs. To do this he began with a virus of low degree, and increased it day by day, until it had reached a point at which it was stronger than that to which the patient could possibly have been subjected accidentally. These experiments brought M. Pasteur greater fame than anything else he had ever done. In the scientific truth of his theory of inoculation to prevent hydrophobia there is now no dissenting voice, but apparently the possible cure of the disease has greatly increased the number of cases, and nowadays a large percentage of those bitten by dogs go to a Pasteur Institute and subject themselves to the treatment. As a matter of fact, hydrophobia is a very rare disease, and very few doctors have ever seen a case. Take even a country doctor of fifty years' practice, and, as a rule, such a man will not have seen more than two actual cases. The calamity, however is so horrible that all who have seen an instance of it are agreed that it is not wise to take any chances. Therefore when any person has been bitten, even by an innocently angry dog, the family physician,



M. LOUIS PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.—From the Painting by Edelfelt.—[See Page 969.]



THE NEW YORK TERMINAL OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
View taken from the Bridge, looking toward New York City.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 972.]

however remote the patient may be from a place where treatment may be given, usually presents no objections, even though he may not advise a course of vaccination by the Pasteur method.

For ten years past M. Pasteur has lived at the "Pasteur Institute" in Paris, to which people have gone for inoculation from all parts of the world. There the writer saw him some eight years ago. He was then a semi-invalid.

The French government asked that he be buried in the Pantheon, but his family preferred that his body should be interred in the yard of the Pasteur Institute. His funeral was a great public event in Paris.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE NEW YORK TERMINAL OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE erection of a new terminal at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge is a task of far greater difficulty than the erection of the one on the Brooklyn side. In Brooklyn a new station was built directly across the street from the old station. In New York the new station is being built on the site of the old one. The extraordinary care necessary in tearing down the old building, the use of a great deal of the iron-work of the old station in the new, the building of a complete false-work structure for the trains to run on, have delayed the progress of the work, and will so delay it that it is probable that the station will not be completed fully until some time next summer.

The first change of importance in the New York terminal has been to raise the tracks one story in the station. This was necessary to provide new stairways for the people. It obviated cutting into the masonry of the bridge structure and the consequent weakening of that. The next important change was to move the platforms further toward Brooklyn. This was done to give room for the switching of the trains entirely beyond the platforms, thus destroying any probability of serious accident to the passengers in shifting the cars. The new station will have two "island platforms." One will be the incoming platform and the other will be the outgoing. Trains coming from Brooklyn will go to alternate sides of the incoming platform as they arrive, and trains going to Brooklyn will leave the outgoing platform in the same manner. There will be double tracks, called "sandwiched" tracks, across the bridge, and any given train will remain on one continuous track in making the round trip.

The new station will be 521 feet long and 87 feet 6 inches wide. The platforms will be 230 feet long and 20 feet wide. The old platforms were only 100 feet long and 8 feet wide. Trains will be run under a headway of forty-five seconds instead of ninety as now, and the train capacity will be fully 500,000 passengers a day in time of a crush.

Those passengers who climb to the trains from Park Row will have one more staircase to mount than in the old station. Those who walk up the slope under the structure will find that the distance by the stairs to the platforms will be about the same as in the old station. Those who go still further up the slope, until they come out under the forward end of the outgoing platform, will find that the staircase climb will be much less than in the old station. For those who come from Rose Street there will be two elevators, each capable of carrying twenty persons. They will lift the passengers a distance of thirty-six feet, leaving a climb for them of fifteen feet. The entire ground-floor of the station will be a waiting-room, through which the bridge promenade will run. The ticket-boxes will be placed at the entrances to the staircases. The cost of the new terminal will be $240,000.

COTTON.

COTTON is the most remarkable of all agricultural products. While it is one of the world's greatest agricultural staples, it becomes the foundation of what is claimed to be the most important of all manufacturing industries. Its consumption measures the progress of civilization, and, as Henry W. Grady once said, "The missionary of the gospel, as he penetrates the wilds of Africa, opening it up to civilization, is but an advance agent for cotton goods." No other product of the soil can be depended upon as this can for a certain and unfailing foreign demand, and there is none other upon which we can so safely rely for settlement in large part of balances due abroad by our country.

Not many years ago Mr. Edward Atkinson said that if New England could produce cotton for the seed alone it would get rich at it. Cotton seed was then a waste product, and was hauled away from the gins to a dumping-ground, being thus an expense rather than a source of profit; or in some cases it was scattered over the land as a partial fertilizer. Now it sells at $8 to $12 a ton, and the price has gone as high as $20, and it furnishes the raw material for one of the most important industries in the South, one that has numberless ramifications, and in which an aggregate capital of over $30,000,000 is invested. The varied products of the cotton seed now enter into competition with olive oil; they furnish one of the main ingredients in the manufacture of oleomargarine, in the making of soap, in the composition of fertilizers, and in the fattening of cattle. Of the 4,500,000 tons of seed in a crop of 9,000,000 bales, about 1,500,000 tons are now consumed by oil-mills. Thus, at an average of $10 a ton, the cotton-planters of the South receive about $15,000,000 for their seed. This must largely increase from year to year with the extension of the cotton-oil business.

It is estimated that the total production of cotton in the United States in 1790 was about 2,000,000 pounds, but of this very little was exported. Most of this cotton was of the sea-island description, which was more easily ginned than the upland or short-staple variety. With the introduction of the Whitney gin in 1795 the cotton business in all its branches advanced in leaps and bounds. By 1796 the production had increased to 10,000,000 pounds, and in 1800 to 40,000,000 pounds. In 1810 the crop was 80,000,000 pounds, and in 1820, 160,000,000 pounds. The rapid increase in the demand for cotton and the profitableness of its cultivation caused a concentration of the energy and capital of the South in cotton-planting, and as a consequence manufactures, which had been flourishing, declined. From a crop of about 400,000 bales in 1820 the production rapidly increased. The growth of this industry probably surpassed in extent and wide-reaching importance any other crop in Europe or America. The energy of the South was turned into cotton-raising, and the production really increased faster than the world's consumptive requirements. Other agricultural interests were not, however, neglected. Diversified farming prevailed, and the South was more nearly self-supporting in the way of food stuffs, corn, bacon, etc., than it has ever been since the war.

In 1801 the average New York price was 44 cents a pound, and from this it slowly declined, often with an upward spurt for a year or two, to 13¼ cents in 1839, averaging for this period a fraction over 17 cents a pound. With cotton selling at these prices, its cultivation was so profitable that the disposition of the people of the South to concentrate their efforts more and more on cotton cultivation, to the exclusion of manufactures, cannot be wondered at. Beginning with 1840, there was a period of extremely low prices, and the cotton States suffered very much from this decline. In that year the average New York prices dropped to 9 cents—a fall of 4 cents from the preceding year—and this was followed by a continual decline until 1846, when the average was 5.63 cents, which is as low as the lowest price that has been reached during the present period of depression and much-talked-of low cotton prices. Moreover, in 1846 the seed was without value, while at present the sale of seed adds from one-half to a cent a pound to the value of the crop; and transportation is very much cheaper than in 1846. In 1847 the crop was short, and prices advanced sharply, only to drop back to 8 and then to 7½ cents, making the average for the decade from 1840 to 1849 the lowest ten-year average ever known. With 1850 a period of much higher prices for cotton was ushered in, and for the succeeding ten years the average was about 12 cents. Then came the war, with its accompanying short supply of cotton, and prices rapidly advancing, until 1863–4, when the New York average was 101½ cents. When the war ended, the world was bare of cotton, the demand was pressing, and prices continued very high. But the South was bankrupt, and had no capital on which to operate. Its planters were burdened with debt, their houses and fences in many instances destroyed, their labor system disorganized, and in this condition they were in no position to buy food stuffs, live-stock, and agricultural implements. Money-lenders were ready, however, to advance money secured by mortgages on cotton to be grown. Most of them were factors or commission merchants, who would agree to advance a certain sum of money, or, rather, to allow a certain amount of credit at their stores for merchandise of all kinds, for every acre planted in cotton. Under these circumstances diversified agriculture had to be abandoned, and the planter was forced to buy Western corn and bacon from his commission merchant. By the time he had paid for his supplies at double the prices for which they could have been bought with cash, and had paid interest besides, and commission, storage, drayage, and insurance on his cotton when marketed, the planter usually ended the year in debt to his factor. The profits of the factor, though, were sufficiently large to justify him in continuing the credit, and by doing so the farmer was kept in debt from year to year. The negroes and the tenant class of whites could borrow money on cotton in the same way, and this developed a tenant system of raising cotton which prevented any attention being given to the improvement of the land. The farmer was forced year after year to adhere to cotton-raising, to the exclusion of everything else, until it became only too true that the South kept its corn-crib and smoke-house in the West.

After 1880, although the Southern farmers were still heavily in debt, they commenced to give increased attention to the cultivation of grain and to the raising of early fruits and vegetables. The progress since has been very remarkable, but despite this increase the production of corn in the central cotton States is not yet up to the yield of 1860. The low prices of cotton of late years have caused factors and bankers to reduce their credits to farmers on cotton, and this has materially strengthened the tendency to diversified agriculture. For two years the central cotton States have produced almost enough corn and bacon to meet their own wants, making cotton more nearly a surplus crop than at any time since 1860. In this way low prices are proving a blessing in disguise. In the mean time the cotton crop increased rapidly, rising from 5,456,000 bales in 1881–2 to 9,035,000 bales in 1891–2—the highest point reached until the crop year 1894–5, when the yield was 9,900,000 bales.

The following table shows the crop, the consumption in the United States, the exports, and the average price at intervals of ten years, beginning with 1840, and for 1893–4 and 1894–5:

Years.	Crop. Bales.	Consumption in United States. Bales.	Exports. Bales.	Average price per pound, middling uplands, in N. Y. Cents.
1840–1.....	1,634,954	267.850	1,313,500	9.50
1850–1.....	2,454,441	485,614	1,988,710	12.14
1860–1.....	3,849,469	843,740	3,127,568	13.01
1870–1.....	4,352,317	1,110,196	3,169,209	16.95
1880–1.....	6,605,750	1,938,937	4.589,346	11.34
1890–1.....	8,652,597	2,632,023	5,847,191	9.03
1893–4.....	7,549,817	2,319,688	5,287,887	7.67
1894–5.....	9,901,251	2,624,121	6,818,277	....

During the war the prices in New York averaged for 1861–2, 31.29 cents; for 1862–3, 67.21 cents; for 1863–4, 101.50 cents; and for 1864–5, 83.38 cents.

Below are some further statistics for five-year periods and for 1893–4:

Years.	Acres.	Total value of crop.	Net pounds per acre.	Bales per acre.
1875–6.....	11,635,000	$399,445,168	177	0.39⅞
1880–1.....	16,123,000	356,524,911	188⅛	0.41
1885–6.....	18,379,444	313,723,080	165⅛	0.36
1890–1.....	20,583,935	429,792,047	200⅜	0.42
1893–4.....	19,684,000	294,495,711	182	0.38

A study of the crop figures will show that seven years of successively increasing crops from 1885–6 to 1891–2 was unprecedented in the history of trade. It is doubtful if any leading crop raised can show such an unbroken increase for seven years. Jumping from 5,700,000 bales in 1885–6, there was practically no halting until 1891–2, when the yield was 9,035,000 bales—a gain of 3,300,000 bales, or nearly 60 per cent. advance in seven years.

In nineteen years cotton has brought into the South over $6,000,000,000—a sum so vast that the profits out of it ought to have been enough to greatly enrich that section. Unfortunately, however, the system necessitated by the conditions prevailing immediately after the war, of raising cotton only, and buying provisions and grain in the West, left at home but little if any surplus money out of the cotton crop. The West and North drained that section of several hundred million dollars every year, because it depended upon them for all of its manufactured goods, as well as for the bulk of its food stuffs. Hence of the enormous amount received from cotton very little remained in the South. The increase in the diversification of farm products, the raising of home supplies, the development of trucking, and the building of factories are all uniting to keep at home the money which formerly went North and West. Whether the cotton-raiser himself be getting the full benefit of this or not, the South at large is necessarily doing so. The increase in the attention given to grain cultivation is illustrated by the fact that the South's grain crop of 1894 was 611,000,000 bushels, valued at $302,000,000, or more than the value of its entire cotton crop, and the yield for 1895 will probably exceed these figures by at least 50,000,000 bushels.

The importance of cotton in our foreign trade relations can be realized from the simple statement that since 1875 our exports of this staple have aggregated in value $4,000,000,000, while the total exports of wheat and flour combined for the same period have been about $2,600,000,000, showing a difference of $1,400,000,000, or over fifty per cent., in favor of cotton. Moreover, during the same period, we have exported about $200,000,000 of manufactured cotton goods, making the total value really $4,200,000,000. Compared with the exports of wheat, flour, and corn combined—the value of which since 1875 has been about $3,200,000,000—there is a difference in favor of cotton of $1,000,000,000.

Going back to 1820, it is found that the total value of flour and wheat exported for the last seventy-four years is, in round figures, $4,000,000,000, or $200,000,000 less than the value of the cotton exported during the last nineteen years.

RICHARD H. EDMONDS.

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(Publication Authorized by the House Committee.)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

VIII.—A DISCONTENTED SHADE.

"SEEMS to me," said Shakespeare, wearily, one afternoon at the club—"seems to me that this business of being immortal is pretty dull. Didn't somebody once say he'd rather ride fifty years on a trolley in Europe than on a bicycle in Cathay?"

"I never heard any such remark by any self-respecting person," said Johnson.

"I said something like it," observed Tennyson.

Doctor Johnson looked around to see who it was that spoke.

"You?" he cried. "And who, pray, may you be?"

"My name is Tennyson," replied the poet.

"And a very good name it is," said Shakespeare.

"I am not aware that I ever heard the name before," said Doctor Johnson. "Did you make it yourself?"

"I did," said the late laureate, proudly.

"In what pursuit?" asked Doctor Johnson.

"Poetry," said Tennyson. "I wrote 'Locksley Hall' and 'Come into the Garden, Maude.'"

"Humph!" said Doctor Johnson; "I never read 'em."

"Well, why should you have read them?" snarled Carlyle. "They were written after you moved over here, and they were good stuff. You needn't think because you quit, the whole world put up its shutters and went out of business. I did a few things myself which I fancy you never heard of."

"Oh, as for that," retorted Doctor Johnson, with a smile, "I've heard of you. You are the man who wrote the life of Frederick the Great in 902 volumes—"

"Seven!" snapped Carlyle.

"Well, seven, then," returned Johnson. "I heard Frederick speaking of it the other day. Bonaparte asked him if he had read it, and Frederick said no, he hadn't time. Bonaparte cried: 'Haven't time! Why, my dear King, you've got all eternity.' 'I know it,' replied Frederick, 'but that isn't enough. Read a page or two, my dear Napoleon, and you'll see why.'"

"Frederick will have his joke," said Shakespeare, with a wink at Tennyson and a smile for the two philosophers, intended no doubt to put them in a more agreeable frame of mind. "Why, he even asked me the other day why I never wrote a tragedy about him, completely ignoring the fact that he came along many years after I had departed. I spoke of that, and he said, 'Oh, I was only joking.' I apologized. 'I didn't know that,' said I. 'And why should you?' said he. 'You're English.'"

"A very rude remark," said Johnson. "As if we English were incapable of seeing a joke!"

"Exactly," put in Carlyle. "It strikes me as the absurdest notion that the Englishman can't see a joke. To the mind that is accustomed to snap judgments I have no doubt the Englishman appears to be dull of apprehension, but the philosophy of the whole matter is apparent to the mind that takes the trouble to investigate. The Briton weighs everything carefully before he commits himself, and even though a certain point may strike him as funny, he isn't going to laugh until he has fully made up his mind that it is funny. I remember once riding down Piccadilly with Froude in a hansom cab. Froude had a copy of *Punch* in his hand, and he began to laugh immoderately over something. I leaned over his shoulder to see what he was laughing at. 'That isn't so funny,' said I, as I read the paragraph on which his eye was resting. 'No,' said Froude, 'I wasn't laughing at that. I was enjoying the joke that appeared in the same relative position in last week's issue.' Now that's the point—the whole point. The Englishman always laughs over last week's *Punch*, not this week's, and that is why you will find a file of that interesting journal in the home of all well-to-do Britons.

"WHAT IS THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF A COPY OF 'PUNCH'?" DRAWLED ARTEMUS WARD.

It is the back number that amuses him, which merely proves that he is a deliberative person, who weighs even his humor carefully before giving way to his emotions."

"What is the average weight of a copy of *Punch?*" drawled Artemus Ward, who had strolled in during the latter part of the conversation.

Shakespeare snickered quietly, but Carlyle and Johnson looked upon the intruder severely.

"We will take that question into consideration," said Carlyle. "Perhaps to-morrow we shall have a definite answer ready for you."

"Never mind," returned the humorist. "You've proved your point. Tennyson tells me you find life here dull, Shakespeare."

"Somewhat," said Shakespeare. "I don't know about the rest of you fellows, but I was not cut out for an eternity of ease. I must have occupation, and the stage isn't popular here. The trouble about putting on a play here is that our managers are afraid of libel suits. The chances are that if I should write a play with Cassius as the hero, Cassius would go to the first night's performance with a dagger concealed in his toga with which to punctuate his objections to the lines put into his mouth. There is nothing I'd like better than to manage a theatre in this place; but think of the riots we'd have! Suppose for an instant that I wrote a play about Bonaparte. He'd have a box, and when the rest of you spooks called for the author at the end of the third act, if he didn't happen to like the play he'd greet me with a salvo of artillery instead of applause."

"He wouldn't if you made him out a great conqueror from start to finish," said Tennyson.

"No doubt," returned Shakespeare, sadly, "but in that event Wellington would be in the other stage-box, and I'd get the greeting from him."

"Why come out at all?" asked Johnson.

"Why come out at all?" echoed Shakespeare. "What fun is there in writing a play if you can't come out and show yourself at the first night? That's the author's reward. If it wasn't for the first-night business, though, all would be plain sailing."

"Then why don't you begin it the second night?" drawled Ward.

"How the deuce could you?" put in Carlyle.

"A most extraordinary proposition!" sneered Johnson.

"Yes," said Ward; "but wait a week—you'll see the point then."

"There isn't any doubt in my mind," said Shakespeare, reverting to his original proposition, "that the only perfectly satisfactory life is under a system not yet adopted in either world—the one we have quitted or this. There we had hard work, in which our mortal limitations hampered us grievously; here we have the freedom of the immortal, with no hard work; in other words, now that we feel like fighting-cocks, there isn't any fighting to be done. The great life, in my estimation, would be to return to earth and battle with mortal problems, but equipped mentally and physically with immortal weapons."

"Some people don't know when they are well off," said Beau Brummel. "This strikes me as being an ideal life—there are no tailors' bills to pay, we are ourselves nothing but memories, and a memory can clothe himself in the shadow of his former grandeur. I clothe myself in the remembrance of my departed clothes, and as my memory is good, I flatter myself I'm the best-dressed man here. The fact that there are ghosts of departed unpaid bills haunting my bedside at night doesn't bother me in the least, because the bailiffs that in the old life lent terror to an overdue account, thanks to our beneficent system here, are kept in the less agreeable sections of Hades. I used to regret that bailiffs were such low people, but now I rejoice at it. If they had been of a different order they might have proved unpleasant here."

"You are right, my dear Brummel," interposed Munchausen. "This life is far preferable to that in the other sphere. Any of you gentlemen who happen to have had the pleasure of reading my memoirs must have been struck with the tremendous difficulties that encumbered my progress. If I wished for a rare liqueur for my luncheon—a liqueur served only at the table of an Oriental potentate, more jealous of it than of his thousand queens—I had to raise armies, charter ships, and wage warfare, in which feats of incredible valor had to be performed by myself, alone and unaided, to secure the desired thimbleful. I have destroyed empires for a bonbon, at great expense of nervous energy."

"That's very likely true," said Carlyle. "I should think your feats of strength would have wrecked your imagination in time."

"Not so," said Munchausen. "On the contrary. Continuous exercise served only to make it stronger. But, as I was going to say, in this life we have none of these fearful obstacles—it is a life of leisure; and if I want a bird and a cold bottle at any time, instead of placing my life in peril and jeopardizing the peace of all mankind to get it, I have only to summon before me the memory of some previous bird and cold bottle, dine thereon like a well-ordered citizen, and smoke the spirit of the best cigar my imagination can conjure up."

"You miss my point," said Shakespeare. "I don't say this life is worse or better than the other we used to live. What I do say is that a combination of both would suit me. In short, I'd like to live here and go to the other world every day to business, like a suburban resident who sleeps in the country and makes his living in the city. For instance, why shouldn't I dwell here and go to London every day, hire an office there, and put out a sign something like this:

> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
> DRAMATIST.
> PLAYS WRITTEN WHILE YOU WAIT.

I guess I'd find plenty to do."

"Guess again," said Tennyson. "My dear boy, you forget one thing. *You are out of date.* People don't go to the theatres to hear *you;* they go to see the people who *do* you."

"That is true," said Ward. "And they do do you, my beloved William. It's a wonder to me you are not dizzy turning over in your grave the way they do you."

"Can it be that I can ever be out of date?" asked Shakespeare. "I know, of course, that I have to be adapted at times, but to be wholly out of date strikes me as a hard fate."

"You're not out of date," interposed Carlyle. "The date is out of you. There is a great demand for Shakespeare in these days, but there isn't any stuff."

"Then I should succeed if I were to go into business again," said Shakespeare.

"No, I don't think so," returned Carlyle. "You couldn't stand the pace. The world revolves faster to-day than it did in your time. Men write three or four plays at once. This is what you might call a typewriter age, and to keep up with the procession you'd have to work as you never worked before."

"That is true," observed Tennyson. "You'd have to learn to be ambidextrous, so that you could keep two type-writing machines going at once; and, to be perfectly frank with you, I cannot even conjure up in my fancy a picture of you knocking out a tragedy with the right hand on one machine while your left hand is fashioning a farce comedy on another."

"He might do as a great many modern writers do," said Ward. "Go in for the Paper-Doll Drama. Cut the whole thing out with a pair of scissors. As the poet might have said if he'd been clever enough:

"O bring me the scissors,
And bring me the glue,
And a couple of dozen old plays.
I'll cut out and paste
A drama for you
That'll run for quite sixty-two days.

"O bring me a dress
Made of satin and lace,
And a book—say Joe Miller's—of wit;
And I'll make the old dramatists
Blue in the face
With the play that I'll turn out for it.

"So bring me the scissors,
And bring me the paste,
And a dozen fine old comedies;
A fine line of dresses,
And popular taste
I'll make a strong effort to please."

"You draw a very blue picture, it seems to me," said Shakespeare, sadly.

"Well, it's true," said Carlyle. "The world isn't at all what it used to be in any one respect, and you fellows who made great reputations centuries ago wouldn't have even the ghost of a show now. I don't believe Homer could get a poem accepted by a modern magazine; and while the comic papers are still printing Diogenes's jokes, the old gentleman couldn't make enough out of them in these days to pay taxes on his tub, let alone earning his bread."

"That is exactly so," said Tennyson. "I'd be willing to wager, too, that in the line of personal prowess even D'Artagnan and Athos and Porthos and Aramis couldn't stand London for one day."

"Or New York either," said Mr Barnum, who had been an interested listener. "A New York policeman could have managed that quartet with one hand."

"Then," said Shakespeare, "in the opinion of you gentlemen, we old-time lions would appear to modern eyes to be more or less stuffed?"

"That's about the size of it," said Carlyle.

"But you'd draw," said Barnum, his face lighting up with pleasure. "You'd drive a five-legged calf to suicide from envy. If I could take you and Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte and Nero over for one circus season, we'd drive the mint out of business."

"There's your chance, William," said Ward. "You write a play for Bonaparte and Cæsar, and let Nero take his fiddle and be the orchestra. Under Barnum's management you'd get enough activity in one season to last you through all eternity."

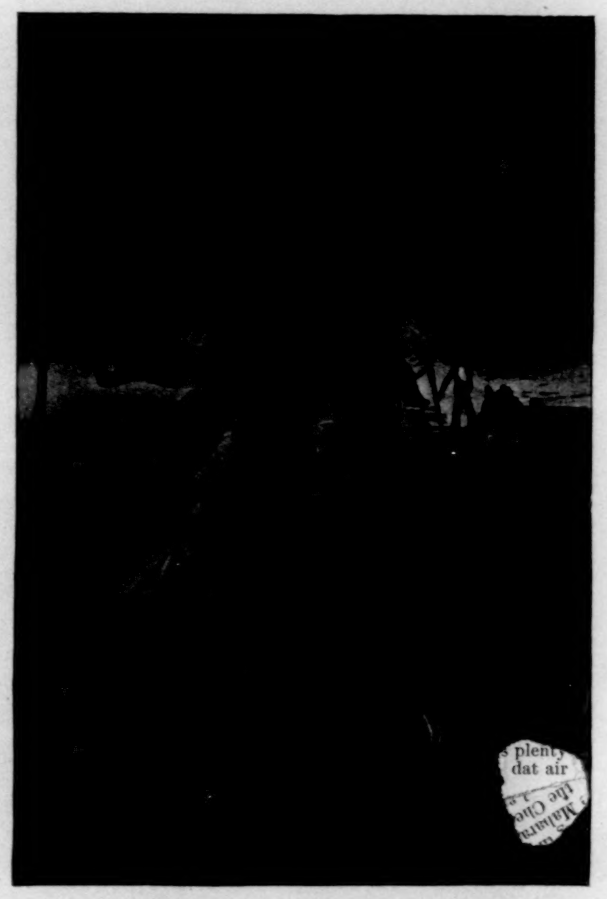
"You can count on me," said Barnum, rising. "Let me know when you've got your plan laid out. I'd stay and make a contract with you now, but Adam has promised to give me points on the management of wild animals without cages, so I can't wait. By-by."

"Humph!" said Shakespeare, as the eminent showman passed out. "That's a gay proposition. When monkeys move in polite society, William Shakespeare will make a side-show of himself for a circus."

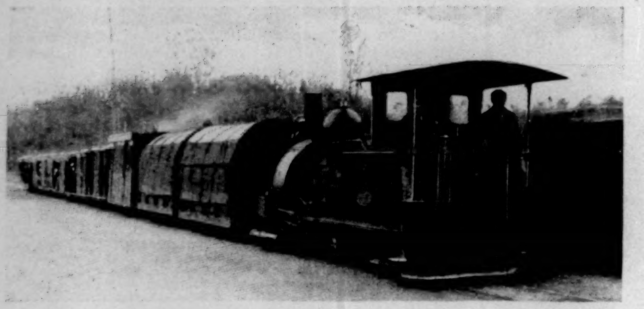
"They do now," said Thackeray, quietly.

Which merely proved that Shakespeare did not mean what he said; for, in spite of Thackeray's insinuation as to the monkeys and polite society, he has not yet accepted the Barnum proposition, though there can be no doubt of its value from the point of view of a circus-manager.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SHAKESPEARE AS A SUBURBAN RESIDENT.



A PASSENGER TRAIN AT SOOKNA.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

KASHMIR.

OF all the protected Indian states there is none that is more romantic in its natural features, and few that are more interesting for other reasons, than the dominions of the Maharajah of Kashmir. For the most part the country consists of the first slopes of the giant chain of the Himalayan Mountains, with the valleys that mark the courses of the rivers that find their sources in the snow-clad ranges, including the head-waters of the Indus, the Chenab, the Jhelum, the Ravi, and the Sutlej, the five great rivers which water the great plain of upper India, and gave to the Punjab the name of the land of the five rivers. The scenery and climate of Kashmir cannot be surpassed in any part of the world. It is a land of hill and valley, of noble forests, and of rich alluvial flat lands, and behind it all the range of the loftiest mountains in the world forms a background of silver wedges that seem to pierce the unchanging blue of the sky with their long line of serrated peaks.

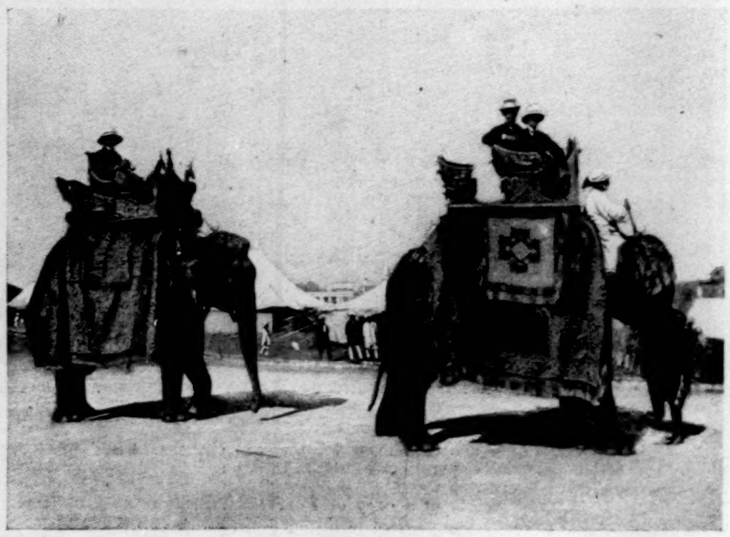
HINDOO TEMPLE AND TOMBS OF THE KINGS FROM INSIDE THE WALLS.

Civilization, in the sense in which men of European race understand the term, is a thing of very recent introduction into the vales of Kashmir, and although the scenery may have lent itself readily to the purposes of poetry, the country itself lay too much out of the path of progress, as indeed it also did out of the highway of invasion, to partake in more than a very limited degree in the peculiar civilization which renders India unique in the records of the world. Until the country was subjected to the overshadowing influence of England it pursued as far as possible a policy of exclusion, and its people were a comparatively simple and pastoral race, having but few arts or manufactures of their own. During the last thirty years this has been greatly changed, and the introduction of railroads is working a complete alteration in the condition of the people. Unlike the natives of lower India, the people of the province are vigorous and robust, and, enjoying such a climate as they do, there would seem to be good reason to expect that they may yet become one of the most prosperous races in the empire.

There are no really great cities in Kashmir, and comparatively few of the great architectural monuments which, while they speak of a high development of art and of a kind of civilization, speak even more plainly of a state of oppression and tyranny which armed the rulers of the country with the power and wealth necessary for executing these vast works. Jummoo, the winter capital of the Maharajah, is situated on the river Tawi, a tributary of the Chenab, and contains some very interesting buildings, and among these the great temple with the tombs of the kings, as shown in our illustration, present a general appearance quite unlike that of the ordinary architecture of Hindoo temples. The city, however, has little to recommend it except the beauty of its site, and as seen from the railway station, which is on the opposite side of the Tawi, the general effect of the town embowered in trees is very beautiful.

While Kashmir is by no means one of the most populous of the protected natives states, and the country indeed is less densely peopled than most of the others, its position is one which has made it of such importance to the safety of British India that it should be friendly beyond the possibility of doubt. The great pass from Afghanistan into India is not, indeed, directly menaced by any possible disaffection of Kashmir, but passes from the Pamirs open through the Himalayan range into the principality at two different points. It is true that both are extremely difficult, and the approach to them on the side of the great Pamir plateau is one which hardly any army could face, yet in the defence of the Indian Empire it is evident that England has determined to leave nothing to chance. The cordial co-operation of the people of Kashmir would render any invasion from the Pamir plateau an impossibility, and therefore the Indian government lays itself out to secure cordial feeling.

The recent visit of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Denis Fitzpatrick, to the Maharajah was one of those official events which in a country like India go far to cement the bonds of friendship, and to all appearance it seemed likely to be a success. We took a picture of the Lieutenant-Governor and the chief members of his staff, which shows them mounted on state elephants on the occasion of their visit, and we had a good opportunity of seeing Kashmir in high festivity at the time. There is much that is impressive in these ceremonial visits, and it is easy to see how greatly English power in India has been owing to the genius of her representatives in diplomacy. What the sword has gained these men have secured to a great extent by the power they have shown of accommodating themselves to the habits and customs of the people they have studied so long and apparently so successfully.



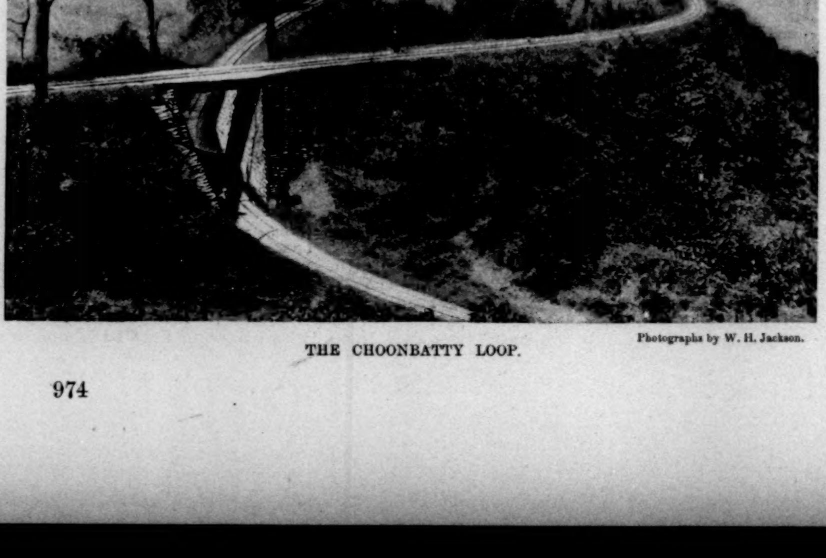
STATE ELEPHANTS AT JUMMOO.

THE HIMALAYAN RAILWAY.

One of the most interesting experiments in railway construction which even India can show is the railway to Darjeeling, on the slopes of the Himalayas. The problem which its projectors undertook to solve was how to construct a railway for purposes both of goods and passenger traffic which should rise to a perpendicular height of more than 7000 feet in a distance of about forty-five miles. The distance, indeed, as the crow flies, is only some sixteen miles to Darjeeling, but by winding out and in among the slopes an entire length of nearly fifty has been obtained, so as to diminish the grades. At first it was the fashion to call it a toy railway, and the company which obtained the government's guarantee to enable the capital to be raised was supposed to have owed their success to large influence rather than to a *bona fide* prospect of performing a work of real public utility. The results have shown that the government was better advised than its critics, for not only has the line been successfully carried out, but it has done wonders in the development of a valuable tea district, and has actually returned last year a revenue to the government treasury of India amounting to twenty thousand pounds sterling, or a hundred thousand dollars. The advantage to the treasury arises from the conditions of the concession, which, as in all cases of guarantee by the treasury of a minimum dividend, provides for the payment of one-half the surplus into the treasury as government revenue.

The methods by which difficulties which might well have seemed insurmountable were overcome form a most instructive page in the history of railway construction. Our picture of a passenger train at Sookna shows the peculiar construction of the rolling stock to adapt it to the new requirements of the situation. It will be noticed that the centre of gravity of engines and cars alike is placed as low as possible, giving a singularly dwarfed appearance to the whole arrangement. This was largely rendered necessary by the fact that the gauge of the line could only be made two feet, while curves not exceeding a sixty-foot radius are by no means exceptional. In spite of its narrow gauge and dwarf engines and cars, the line is in all respects a model of construction. The rails are substantial, weighing forty-five pounds to the yard, and everything else is in proportion. The difficulties of the undertaking can be estimated when it is remembered that the average grade for the whole distance of forty-five miles is about one in thirty-three, while there are many parts of the line at which a grade of one in twenty prevails.

The journey is perhaps the most wonderful in natural beauty in the world, and as a triumph of engineering it is certainly one of the most remarkable illustrations of what may yet be done in the application of railway transportation to mountainous districts. With such a gradient it is, of course, impossible that a high rate of speed can be attained with even a hope of safety. The speed actually in use at present on the line is ten miles an hour on the ascending, while that on the descending trip is limited to eight miles. Our view of the Choonbatty loop on the line may serve to give some idea of the devices of construction which have been resorted to in the execution of the formidable task of mountain-climbing. Two facts stand out with prominence in connection with the working of the line which may be said to prove the wide-reaching value of the experiment of the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railroad: the first is that it has paid the company, by yielding a dividend on cost at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, besides leaving a large government surplus; and the other, that since it was opened no accident has ever happened to a train, and not a single passenger has ever received an injury. It is almost certain that the system so successfully employed in this case will be employed in others of the hill districts of India, and the world's transport by means of railways may benefit almost indefinitely by the experience which will thus be gained.



THE CHOONBATTY LOOP.

Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

A NIGHT OFF NICK SPOOR'S LOCATION.

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

WE might have known what would happen. The "French shore" is proverbially the worst coast on the Atlantic for both fog and ice, and the reports of the latter especially were exceedingly discouraging.

The whole Northern fleet had been "jammed" the week previous no further north than Fogo, and although the floe had taken passage from Notre Dame Bay two days before, on the wings of a charitable "sou'wester," it still remained the absorbing topic of conversation in the harbors, on the wharves, and about the hamlets, whose entire populations, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, were dependent upon the result of the fishing.

From the important personage presiding over the "store," whose dictum the "skippers" awaited with fear and trembling when soliciting the usual advance of their summer's supplies, to the oldest remaining inhabitant—a woman, naturally; no male was ever too aged or infirm to fill some berth at the fishing—speculation upon the probable catch, the swiftest schooners, the best trap locations and fall markets, formed merely an introduction to comments upon the weather, past, present, and future, and prognostications as to the probable movements of that erratic, unreasonable, and most formidable enemy of the coast fishermen, the "Labrador ice."

"A nor'wester's nayver 'n debt ter a sou'easter, an' by dat ye'll moind a nor'-easter dunt tek no talk from no sou'wester noider. W'ich manes ut dat drift ull be coomin' in agin, en ull pick un up afore un gits ter Crouse." With which discouraging prediction, and a gloomy shake of his iron-gray head, our aged pilot sadly took his station aft, preparatory to hauling in the shore lines.

As we steamed through the Narrows and felt the first ocean swell, the blood-red sun came peeping over the horizon above an expanse of white-capped waves, and lit up the precipitous headlands like a reflection from some huge conflagration. A solitary cloud of moisture hung about the summit, and as the sun's rays pierced the mist we were treated to a momentary glimpse of a gorgeously colored arch spanning the little harbor.

The pilot gravely shook his head again, and muttered, as he passed me,

"Rainbow 'n de marnin'
Manes de soiler's waarnin'!"

In spite of which we made a fine run, considering the meagre abilities of our twenty-ton launch, the *Swallow*, and at three in the afternoon found ourselves off the Saint Barbes, or, in the pilot's vernacular, "Hoss Islens."

It was a question whether we should put about for Partridge Head, nine miles to the westward, in search of harborage, or should keep on in an endeavor to reach one of the French harbors before night.

We had seen nothing of the drift ice, and had passed but a few large bergs. The wind had gradually died away, leaving us in a calm, through which we were able to steam but four and a half to five knots an hour, as we had the Arctic Current with its two-knot tide against us.

The days were at their longest, however, and although it was the dark of the moon, we could count upon seven hours of daylight in which to run the thirty miles intervening between us and the entrance to Canada Bay.

With the exception of our pilot, therefore, who constantly raised a dissenting and sadly prophetic voice to every proposition, the vote was all in favor of making the French shore. This we endeavored to do, and were well across the entrance to White Bay, when an incident occurred to mar the harmony of the day's cruise, and served to bring unpleasantly to mind the words of our worthy pilot.

A bank of heavy leaden clouds was slowly unfolding from the distant land, and the intermittent flashes of lightning which played below it lit up the grotesque islands of ice about us with a weird unearthly glow. Another bank, to seaward, composed of gray, impenetrable fog, was stealing silently upon us. The light was fading fast, the land was still ten miles or more away, and suddenly the *Swallow's* pulse stopped beating.

"Only a brauken valve-peen," replied our engineer, as we crowded about the entrance to the iron boiler-house; and in an hour and a half the screw was again beating out a merry tune, with a makeshift stud supporting the loosened valve. But although one of our number bravely started another song of the sea, the chorus was feeble and ineffective, and it soon came to a weak and inglorious termination.

We sat in the moist deck-house and uneasily watched the gray fog settle down, blotting out one berg after another, becoming more dense and surrounding us more closely each moment.

Presently a furious gust of wind drove the fog back upon itself, and through the gathering darkness we could dimly see the shadowy outlines of the distant cliffs, black and sombre against the forbidding sky.

As the squall passed away the fog reasserted itself, and a gentle rain began to fall, bringing oil-coats and "sou'-westers" into requisition.

Seeing us all somewhat anxious and depressed over the uncomfortable situation, the pilot, probably for the purpose of maintaining his reputation for singularity, passed his opinion in more cheering measures:

"W'en de rains coom saft at noight,
Kill'n win's ut blows afore 'em,
Den de marnin' ull be broight
An' de wind 'll blow just roight,
Aff de shore an' from de west,
Just a wind dey loikes de best,
In de marnin."

"I RECKON WE'ER ABOUT OFF NICK SPOOR'S LOCATION."

The night shut down upon us "thick as bags." Steam was allowed to drop to fifty pounds pressure, and we ran along at half speed.

We had all voluntarily gathered in the bows to assist in keeping the lookout. The stillness magnified the least sounds of the night, and the lapping of the low swells against the invisible bergs about us was distinctly audible, enabling us to maintain a respectful distance from their dangerous neighborhood.

Occasionally a frightened sea-bird, startled from its slumber by our approach, would flutter wildly away, lapping the still water with its heavy wings; and at long intervals a crackling, crunching sound, as of a file of militia firing at will, would warn us of the foundering of a berg, followed by a muffled, rumbling, booming detonation as the huge mass toppled over into the sea.

Conversation had died a natural death under these depressing influences, and we were puffing at our pipes in moody silence, when the engineer, who had left his "coffee-mill," as we irreverently christened the engine, in charge of his assistant, came forward and offered a welcome interruption.

"I reckon we'er inside Grey Isles by this," he volunteered. Some of us looked up and nodded, but the fact that we had one more danger to contend with in the neighborhood, in case a storm arose, afforded no encouragement, and no one ventured to discuss the opinion.

"I reckon we'er about off Nick Spoor's location. Ever hearn tell o' Nick?"

Every one was all attention now. Here was something tangible and interesting; for we knew a yarn was forthcoming, and we were not disappointed.

"Nick was the owner of a foine plant—as foine a plant as ye moight foind on the east coast afore the Frencher's treaty," he said, as he took possession of the seat we made vacant for him on the capstan, in the dull red glare of the port light.

"He'd a good house, hed Nick, an' stagin', punts, nettin', an' all; an' a clippin' schooner, too, thet 'e didn't owe a p'und on, fer th' fishin' was allus good, an' Nick was growin' in wealt' an' childern, as happy an' comfort'ble 's a Crackey nussin' his fleas, w'en along come th' cession to th' frog-eaters. Bad scraggs to it!

"A man-o'-war gev 'im notice to clear, an' lef' poor Nick wi' only 'is babies an' gear, an' never a place to fish in.

"Nick went, wid 'is schooner an' family, swearin' he'd even things wi' th' French if 'e ever got half an occasion. ....Hallo dare! Port! Hard a-port!....D'ye wan' ter stave 'er bows in?"

Slowly we swung around, and seemingly grazed the edge of a monstrous white misty object, whose scarcely discernible outlines silently appeared out of the inky darkness, and as silently passed away.

Once more upon our course, our narrator resumed:

"Nick took to th' coastin' trade, fer want o' anything better, an' comin' along down th' shore awhile arter, wid a cargo o' coals fer Carpool, 'e fetched 'is ol' location. A couple o' noice fat hogs was rootin' away mos' comfort'ble under 'is very stagin'.

"Ye know th' Frenchers come out i' th' spring wid quoite an assortment o' live-stock to prowoide fresh mate fer th' summer.

"'Oye mus' hev dem porkers,' ses Nick to 'is woman. 'Now, Nick, hev a keer,' sez she. 'Oy've hearn tell o' 'oss-thieves en sich, but who-'ver could nick a porker? T'ink o' der squaels, en yer poor wife en childer, fer de Froggers 'r' handy et shootin'.'

"But in spoite o' 'er fears, Nick swung ter th' cove an' dropped anchor near th' ol' stagin'. Den hauled up 'is chain short apeak, an' lef' 'is canvas all standin'.

"Wid a bit o' line an' two cod-jiggers stowed nately away in 'is dory, Nick sculled ashore, laid 'is bait et th' stage, an' passed out th' line to 'is schooner.

"I' less toime 'n it teks t' tell it a'mos' th' piggies 'ad gobbled 'is baitin', an' Nick, breakin' groun', set sail wid all up, an' a pipin' good breeze fair astarn 'im.

"Ye ken picter th' squaels o' th' pigs, an' th' cuss-words an' oads o' th' Frenchers—an' oye wouldn't moind a bit ef we 'ad a piece o' dem porkers aboard us.

"Did 'e stop et dis? Well, oye jus' don' t'ink. 'E touched in agin w'en returnin'. 'Twas about arter dark, en I s'pose 'e meant to run a sort o' a shore-line, but 'twas cur'us 'ow 'e mistook a cow's 'orns fer a tree stump to mek fas' to; an' th' blame thing warn't no great shakes et holdin' a schooner wid sails up.

"'At warn't 'is las' call neider. Wid 'is boat painted over bran'-new an' th' loss o' a part o' 'is w'iskers, Nick t'ought 'at th' French wouldn't know 'im, an' 'e wen' to th' cove in broad daylight. 'E f'und th' captain o' the French brig ashore, stretchin' out a foine new tow-line. A bran'-new cable 'twas, coiled noicely along on th' shore wash, an' wuth a matter o' fifty p'und t' eny man as owned it.

"Ashore went Nick in 'is dory, an' gev th' Frenchers greetin', tho' dey looked soidewoise et 'im et fust; but 'e soon won der 'earts wid 'is blarney:

"'Does oye knows de mon w'at stole yer cow? Well, oye moight say oye hearn o' 'is t'ievin'. Dare bees plenty o' bad uns an' properly cute—some as 'ud snack dat air cable an' yez a-standin' by it.'

"Sez th' captain, 'W'ich 'e vill feel round 'ees neck, kiffs 'e me bud ze forchoon to ketch 'eem!'

"Wid a cup o' th' Frenchers' wine stowed nately under 'is belt-line, an' many a 'earty 'and-shake, Nick fine'ly took 'is departchoor.

"'Twar a cur'us t'ing 'ow 'e stumbled an' fell in crossin'

"'TWAR A CUR'US T'ING 'OW 'E STUMBLED AN' FELL IN CROSSIN' 'AT TOW-LINE."

"Ye want a know w'at become o' Nick?" the engineer resumed, as he relit his pipe and took a few vigorous whiffs. "Well, t'ings couldn't go on dat way. Th' Frenchers wouldn't let anether man lan', an' kep' a close watch on their gearin'. One noight th' buildin's took foire some'ow, an' everyt'ing burned t' th' water. Dey saved w'at dey could, w'ich warn't very much, an' took quarters on board in th' 'arbor. A noight er so arter dey'r batteaux wen' adrift; an' oye guess dey mus' t'ought 'at ol' Nick 'imself 'ad 'ad a 'and in such doin's. 'Tall events th' brig cleared out an' wen' down th' coast t' Croak 'Arbor. Nick seemed to lose int'rust in t'ings arter dat, an' got on a run t' th' s'uthard. 'E started from Fogo one day i' th' fall, wid a cargo o' bar'l herrin'. It come on t' blow from the sou'east dat noight, an' nobody hearn from 'im arter. A chist come ashore et Baccalew as 'us filled wid baby's clothin'; but Nick's warn't th' only craft lost 'at weather, an' p'r'aps 'twas from some oder schooner."

dat tow-line. Th' Frenchers laughed loud, fer dey t'ought 'twas der wine; but jus' imagine der 'orror, der shouts, an' th' sacre-blews w'en, Nick bein' under way ag'in, th' new cable begun t' slip seaward.

"Every mudder's son, woman, an' choild med a dash fer th' end o' dat cable; an' wi' sev'ral dozen o' Frenchers in tow Nick scudded away from th' harbor. Inter th' water dey went, but th' weight war a mouse t' th' schooner, an' th' warn't nary tree ner rock in reach w'at th' end o' th' loine could mek fas' to.

"Th' do say th' captain held on till Nick 'ad towed 'im a mile from th' stagin'. Oye allus misdoubted 'twarn't mor'n half, fer th' swells would 'ave drowned 'im fer sartin'.

"'Ow'd 'e get 'old o' th' end o' th' loine? W'y, by droppin' a jigger convaynyent."

The rain had ceased, and the first faint hesitating breaths of the early morning breeze were murmuring through our rigging. The wet sails flapped idly from side to side. The propeller was turning just fast enough to give us way for steering. The gentle splashing of the sea upon the ice was heard from every quarter. The droning voice of the invisible man at the wheel, scarce twenty feet away, who was humming one of those endless songs in which the coast fishermen excel, came to us through the darkness:

"Wid a cruel-'earted tyran'
  Young Kelly did agree
T' fish wid 'im on de Larbardo-o-o-re;
  Den well in 'ealt' 'us 'e.
But sickness cum upon 'im
  Ere de caplin scull was o'er,
In a place call' Grady's Harbor
  On de rugged Larbordo-o-o-o-re."

The heavy blackness of the thick night had slowly faded to a sober gray, through which we could just distinguish the uncertain figure of our pilot, wrapped in his yellow storm-coat, whose still unfinished song, as we well knew, would not be completed until the call for breakfast.

Presently, as the light grew stronger with promise that the sun might soon appear, a wavering, fantastic spot of whiteness blossomed in the wet fog toward the east, fluctuating, but rapidly growing larger, and sending long streamers high up toward the zenith, like some gigantic hand clutching and tearing away the morning mist.

Then, with a gentle surge, the sails filled out; the fog was rolled away as if by magic, and the glorious rays of the welcome sun burst through like a benediction. They lit up the sea with purple and bronze, glanced from a thousand icebergs, and rested upon the beetling cliffs that guarded Nick Spoor's Location.

As the fire in the "bogie" burned brightly up, and we smelled the rich coffee steaming, the pilot sang the last verse of his song in tones of incongruous gladness:

"On de passage 'ome poor Kelly died,
  Sailin' fer New-Foun'-Land.
Oye 'ope 'is sowl was welcomèd
  By all de heavenly b-a-a-nd.
An' all good Christians, oye reques'
  Dat you will fer 'im pray,
Dat de Lord recave poor Kelly's sowl
  Upon de Judgment D-a-a-a-ay!"

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now in session at Minneapolis, will continue its deliberations during the greater part of October. This is the legislative body of the whole Church: so far as comparison with our political system will lie, it may be said to answer to the Congress of the United States, the annual conventions of the different dioceses corresponding in like degree with the several State Legislatures.

The General Convention meets triennially. It presents the familiar figure of two Houses, deliberating apart: the House of Bishops, in which all Diocesan, Assistant, and Missionary Bishops have seats; and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, composed of elected members, four clerical and four lay from each Diocese, besides one clerical and one lay deputy from each Missionary Jurisdiction. The presiding officer of the House of Bishops is the Presiding Bishop of the Church, who is always the senior member in date of consecration, but he is assisted by a permanent Chairman, elected by the House. The present Presiding Bishop is the venerable John Williams, Bishop of Connecticut (consecrated in October, 1851); the Chairman is the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry A. Neely, Bishop of Maine. The President of the House of Deputies is elected by the members of that House at each Convention; the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, of whom it has been justly said that he never abused and never failed to use the great power thus confided to him, has now for the fourth successive time been chosen for this place. The House of Bishops sits in secret session, the business thus transacted appearing, however, in the published Journal; the sessions of the House of Deputies are ordinarily open and public. The two Houses, assembled as one body, compose the Board of Missions of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church, meeting in that capacity on the third day of the session of any General Convention, and sitting further as occasion may require. In the Convention of 1892 the Houses met seven times as the Board of Missions. Finally, on nomination by the House of Bishops, the House of Deputies elects the Missionary Bishops, either domestic or foreign, and even in the case of diocesan Bishops, if their election take place within three months before the meeting of the General Convention, further action must be deferred until the House of Deputies, when it shall have convened, may approve the proceedings, and assent to the consecration of the Bishops-elect.

With such duties added to the mass of general legislation the Triennial Convention is charged with high obligations and with important labors, often difficult and delicate. Those who know it best would most freely allow that the nature of its composition comported closely with the exacting requirements of the case. Of course the *ex-officio* members of the upper House, having been chosen already to bear rule over the Church as Bishops, must include a very select class of clergy—men of learning, judgment, and wide conversance with affairs ecclesiastical and other; but the House of Deputies is not less a body of great distinction, containing many men of the highest repute among the parochial clergy and professors in institutions of religious learning, with a strong lay representation of men eminent in the professions, in statesmanship, or in management of great business enterprises. The course of the Convention, therefore, is always a matter of keen interest to members of the Episcopal Church, so much so that publishers find their account in providing daily *verbatim* reports from the House of Deputies, which obtain a wide circulation and are attentively read. As the condition of business in secret session of the House of Bishops emerges more or less clearly in the frequent messages setting forth things accomplished, which are sent in to the House of Deputies (for concurrence or otherwise), and are printed in the reported proceedings of the latter House, these verbatim reports supply information of the whole course of events in the Convention.

Interest in these events is not, however, confined strictly to members of the Episcopal Church. That Church has now for many years weighed far more in public estimation than is indicated by its very moderate array of about 600,000 communicants and 4500 clergy within the United States. The Church in America stands not alone, but is a Province of the world-wide Anglican Communion, and borrows as well as lends importance by reason of that association and kinship. It derives dignity and gathers influence from its roots in the past, its mediatory position between the great Protestant bodies and the historic Churches; its steadfastness among winds of doctrine, and its venerable order and decent staidness; its sobriety of taste and measure, its grave splendor of public worship, and from its widespread and devoted work among the poor. For such reasons, and because the Episcopal Church is of great strength at centres of thought and influence, the actions of its chief legislature are of importance far beyond the borders of its Communion.

It may be difficult to foretell the subjects which will be of chief interest before the Convention at present in session. For a dozen years that body was engaged in revision of the Prayer-book, and for part of that time in the preparation of a new Hymnal. Both of these works having been completed in 1892, it might be fancied that further constructive labor might be intermitted for a time. But at the session of 1892 a Joint Commission was appointed to revise the Constitution and Canons of the Convention, to the end that they might be rendered more harmonious and free from ambiguities, better adapted to the enlargement and growth of the Church, and clothed with accuracy and precision of language. The very strong Commission constituted for the purpose included seven Bishops, seven Presbyters, and seven Laymen, with the Presiding Bishop (Dr. Williams) at its head. Since its appointment the Commission has held frequent meetings and completed its Report, which was put in print for preliminary study, and has already awakened debate in the Church newspapers. Consideration of this Report will probably be the main occupation of the Convention at its present session. From the nature of the subject, and the known conservatism and caution of the body which is to deal with it, perhaps it is unlikely that the work can be wholly concluded at this time. Elaborate argument has been made against the proposal to alter the mere style of the legislature—from Convention to Synod—from which may be perceived the difficulties which will beset the adoption of an entire new Constitution and body of Canons.

The Joint Commission, it should be remarked, has improved somewhat upon its mandate, and introduced several changes, of which to give full account in this place space does not suffice. It shall be noted, however, that by the proposed new Constitution the much-debated "Provincial System" is established, under which five or more contiguous Dioceses would be united under a Primate, with a Provincial Synod interposed between the Diocesan Conventions and the General Convention, the effect of which would be to cause sessions of the latter body to occur much more rarely. Also the new Constitution proposes to reduce by one-quarter the present representation, clerical and lay, in the House of Deputies, which, indeed, is unmanageably large, the multiplication of Dioceses resulting in a House of well more than four hundred members. It will be seen that these are "burning questions," and there are other such in the Commission's admirable and very thorough report.

Christian Unity is a familiar topic in the Convention, but though there is a standing Joint Committee on this subject the present prospect is that it will present nothing of startling import. As related to this subject it may be remarked that to the proposed new Constitution is prefixed a Declaration embodying the four points of the commonly called Chicago-Lambeth Declaration, in which the Church avows her faith as defined in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, and declares that she receives the Canonical Scriptures as the word of God, ministers duly the two sacraments ordained by Christ, and "continues steadfast in the Apostolic Ministry of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons."

The change of name of the Church is perhaps unlikely to be considered in the Convention of this year, though it is a matter that has a way of coming up whether expected or not; it came up unexpectedly in the Diocesan Convention of New York the other day, where it was gently put by for the time. Probably it will continue to come up until some reform shall be effected. Meantime the change seems to be taken as a thing certain to be made some time, and therefore not needing to be hurried. When the name "Protestant Episcopal" was given, the Church had so slight hold here that to announce it as non-Roman was almost necessary, while the Church of England had so carefully kept it without Bishops that natural exultation over the acquirement of those officers might well induce a joyful advertisement of itself as Episcopal.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

THE DÉBUT OF "THE GLASGOW SCHOOL" IN AMERICA.

At first sight the statement that the most advanced art exhibition of the year in this country is now being held west of the Mississippi River may occasion some surprise, mingled with a degree of incredulity. Yet there is a good deal to be said in support of the claim. At the St. Louis Exposition, which opened September 4th, for a period of six weeks, "the Glasgow school" of painters—concerning which Mrs. Pennell wrote entertainingly for the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE—made its début in America with more than a hundred pictures; the leading painters of Denmark were represented by characteristic examples of their best productions; and prominent French, Dutch, German, and American artists contributed to fill out a collection numbering over six hundred works.

The Art Department of the St. Louis Exposition is under the directorship of Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, who for a number of years edited *National Academy Notes*—a publication devoted to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design—and later was Assistant Chief of the Department of Fine Arts of the World's Columbian Exposition. Associated with Mr. Kurtz is Mr. Charles Ward Rhodes, who was also connected with the Art Department at Chicago.

Mr. Kurtz, who enjoys personal acquaintance with most of the foreign as well as the American artists, instead of sending out circulars inviting painters to contribute works for the exposition, usually visits the studios and solicits particular pictures which appear worthily to represent the artists. In this way he secures a degree of homogeneity in the collection that would not be possible by any other system.

Early in the present year Mr. Kurtz visited Glasgow, Copenhagen, London, and Paris. In Glasgow he obtained adequate representation of nearly every painter associated with the artistic movement in that city; in Copenhagen he secured an exhibit of interesting pictures; and in Paris he was successful in collecting paintings from leading French artists, as well as from the Americans whose studios are there.

The Glasgow pictures came to the people of St. Louis

as a surprise and a revelation. They were different from the pictures which had been seen in previous expositions, and from the other works in the present collection. Some of them appeared to demand acquaintance to develop in the eye of the spectator artistic justification for their existence, but others commanded admiration at once. The collection, as a whole, was well received—far more favorably than was the first impressionist exhibition held in St. Louis. The ability and sincerity of the Scotch painters were realized and recognized, and in the entire exposition their works attracted the greatest measure of attention.

In the exhibition the Glasgow pictures are nearly all hung in one gallery. In coloring and in technique they show the artistic relationship of the men who compose the school, yet no work would be mistaken for the production of any other painter than the artist whose signature it bears.

The great points in the work of the Glasgow men—strength and refinement in color, the right appreciation of values, and the feeling for decorative qualities—have been fairly recognized by the laymen as well as by the artists and amateurs who have seen the pictures. Many no doubt have not analyzed their impressions to differentiate their elements, but they have been moved by what they have seen, and that is enough—for the present.

There is far more in the Glasgow pictures than is accounted for by well-balanced composition, splendid coloring, artistic technique, or right consideration of values—something to charge to the individual artist, who from himself has drawn the spark of vitality analogous to the breath of life which the Creator breathed into the nostrils of the man of dust to make of him a living soul. The men of the Glasgow school think and feel, and thought and feeling are involved in all their work. They are not men whose education has been solely that of the eye and the hand, who transcribe from nature to canvas with wonderful accuracy and great facility, but who see and feel and express no more than does the camera, and who leave their audiences cold and unresponsive. They are schooled in the science of life, and in the moods of nature and of the human mind and soul. They find inspiration in Walt Whitman and in Thoreau—men unlike, yet alike in their appreciation of nature, exactly as the Glasgow painters are unlike yet like each other.

Each of the Glasgow artists is represented by a number of works fairly showing his range in subject, technique, and media, there being water-colors and pastels as well as oils in the collection. James Guthrie shows seven pictures—his masterly "Portrait of Miss Wilson," a portrait of Dr. Gardiner, and several effective landscapes. Two of Mr. Guthrie's pastels are exceptional in artistic quality. E. A. Walton is represented likewise by portraiture, figure, and landscape. Arthur Melville sends only water-colors, six of them representing scenes in Spain, Tangier, and Venice—works inspiring to the lover of pure aquarelle. Hornel, who is one of the greatest colorists of all, has nine pictures in the collection. His "May Day," which may be likened to a gorgeous tapestry, in which joyous children disport themselves in brilliant sunlight, is one of the artist's earlier works, which holds in it the promise of what the painter achieved later in his wonderful Japanese studies, which in their coloring suggest the brilliancy and translucence of mediæval stained glass. Actually light seems to shine through this coloring. Ten landscapes by Macaulay Stevenson show this painter's sensitive appreciation of the varying moods of nature and the poetic feeling which underlies his interpretations. In his works one may recognize qualities which have evoked admiration in the pictures of Corot, Daubigny, and Dupré, yet which belong as much to Mr. Stevenson as the qualities which exactly pervaded the works of Hobbema and Constable belonged to the painters of the Barbizon school. Stevenson, like the other Glasgow men, is intensely individual.

There are seven pictures by Alexander Roche; five by Whitelaw Hamilton; nine by David Gauld, an "out-door" painter, whose work is unusually pervaded by light and atmosphere; seven pictures, splendid in color, by W. Y. MacGregor, one of the fathers of the Glasgow school; five landscapes by James Paterson, whose work is sympathetically related to that of our own lamented George Inness (whose last finished picture, "The Storm," has a central position in the gallery where hang the Glasgow pictures, and which at first sight might be considered one of them); four poetic landscapes and flower studies by T. Millie Dow; eight remarkable water-colors by Joseph Crawhall, Jun.; five compositions, figure and landscape, by William Kennedy; and effective works by George Pirie, James E. Christie, Grosvenor Thomas, J. Reid Murray, W. H. P. Nicholson, T. Corsan Morton, William Mouncey, and Harrington Mann. Three of the Glasgow painters are not represented—John Lavery, George Henry, and D. Y. Cameron, who had no works at hand which could be sent. Indeed, many of the pictures in the exhibit were borrowed from private collections.

Modern Danish art first prominently came before our people at the World's Columbian Exposition. The present exhibit is in the same line as that made at Chicago. The Danish pictures are especially noteworthy for their uncompromising fidelity to nature, and for light and brilliancy of coloring. In certain ways they are almost the antitheses of the Glasgow pictures, which, as a rule, are much lower in tone.

The work of Kröyer holds the foremost place among the Danish pictures, but it is closely followed by that of Michael Ancher, Edvard Petersen, Viggo Johansen, Sofie Holten, F. H. Brandt, Hans Dall, and N. V. Dorph.

Of the French exhibit it is enough to say that among the contributors are Dagnan-Bouveret, Puvis de Chavannes, Cazin, Degas, Baudin, Raffaelli, Monet, Sisley, Pissaro, Renoir, Mettling, Montenard, Hervier, and the late Charles Jacque. Among the Dutch pictures there are important examples of Artz and Neuhuys. Von Uhde well represents German art, and Thaulaw that of Norway.

Among the American painters scarcely an artist of standing is unrepresented. By James McNeil Whistler there are three pictures—two exquisite pastels and one work in oil—and there is an equal number of paintings by the late George Inness. There are especially noteworthy canvases by D. W. Tryon, Horatio Walker, Gari Melchers, W. L. Picknell, Walter Gay, R. Swain Gifford, J. Francis Murphy, Henry W. Ranger, Louis P. Dessar, George H. Bogert, William M. Chase, Irving R. Wiles, Elizabeth Nourse, and Walter MacEwen.

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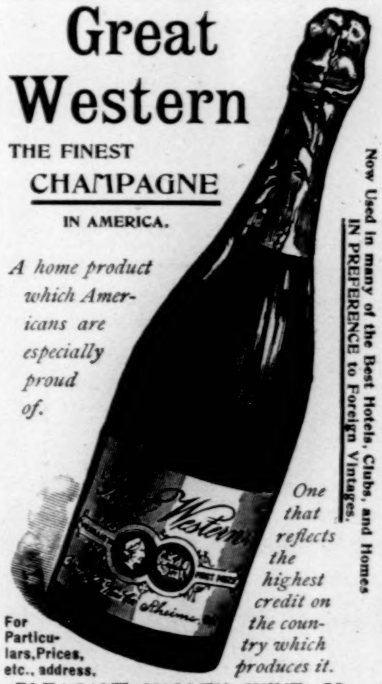

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ALEXANDER T. McGILL,
Democratic Nominee for Governor of New Jersey.

JOHN W. GRIGGS,
Republican Nominee for Governor of New Jersey.

NEW JERSEY'S GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

MODEL nominations for Governor were made this year by the Republicans and Democrats of New Jersey. The Republicans met first, and selected John W. Griggs, of Paterson, as their candidate. The Democrats a week later chose Alexander T. McGill, of Jersey City, the Chancellor of that State, as their leader. Both men are able, clean, brilliant; both represent hostility to ring rule and boss domination; both have served the state faithfully; both have the unbounded respect of the commonwealth. The Republican nomination was made in a stampede to obey the will of the masses of that party. The Democratic nomination was made because the masses of that party demanded purity in political leadership. The Republican bosses feared to thwart the will of the people; the Democratic bosses dared not further provoke the indignation of the people.

John W. Griggs was born on a farm near Newton, New Jersey, in 1849. He was graduated from Lafayette College in 1868, and admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1875 he was elected to the Assembly, and there met his present opponent, Mr. McGill, who was serving his second term as a member of that body. Griggs was elected in the following year, but in the next year he was defeated. In 1879 he was appointed City Counsel of Paterson, and served in that office four years. In 1882 he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1885 he was re-elected, serving in that body for six years.

In the Assembly he shared, with Frederick A. Potts, Leon Abbett, Judge Magee, Alden Scovel, and William A. Lewis, in framing legislation made necessary by changes in the Constitution. In his second term in the Senate he was the presiding officer. He presided over the impeachment trial of State-Prison-Keeper Laverty. He was a leading figure in the stirring scenes when Leon Abbett, in 1887, tried to obtain an election to the United States Senate, resulting in Abbett's defeat. He labored in legislation to secure ballot reform, and helped to secure the passage of bills on railroad and other corporation taxation. He was the intimate friend of the late William Walter Phelps, and last year declined a place on the Supreme Court bench, proffered by Governor Werts. He is President of the Paterson National Bank, and also of a trust company. He is an eloquent speaker, and is regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of the State.

Alexander T. McGill was born in Pittsburg in 1846. When eight years old his father became a professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary. Young McGill was graduated from Princeton in 1864, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. His first public office was that of counsel to the city of Bayonne, to which he was chosen in 1874. In that year and the year following he was elected to the Assembly. He succeeded Abram Q. Garrettson as Prosecutor of the Pleas in Hudson County when the latter was appointed Law Judge of that county. Later he succeeded Judge Garrettson as Judge. In 1887 Governor Green appointed him State Chancellor, an office to which he was reappointed last year by Governor Werts.

Judge McGill made an especially noteworthy decision when he declared that the well-known coal combination, familiarly known as a "trust," was illegal. He also won recent praise by voting against pardoning the "Big Four" of the Guttenburg race-track. He is known throughout the State as an upright, fearless man, and one of the conditions he made of the acceptance of the nomination for Governor was that the members of the ring who had brought shame upon the party should retire from further control of the political organization. He is a scholarly man and an excellent speaker. He has decided not to resign his office, because of the unfinished business he has on hand, and, with a deep sense of the proprieties of the situation, has decided to make no active canvass in the campaign.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA were good enough to corroborate my comment of last week, that they could have made 400 runs against Mitchell's team in the match at Manheim, for as the words were going through the press they very obligingly scored just 404 in the match at Haverford—enough to take the odd game by an inning and a comfortable sum over. This may be accepted as a very satisfactory result, for it was rather important to Philadelphia cricket that its representatives should this year play their game, and win from their opponents by all that the law allowed—for the sake of the example to the younger players, who must soon be coming forward to supply vacancies. And therefore, as I say, the brilliant performance of Patterson and Bohlen, who put on 200 for the first wicket, a record for these international matches, was especially grateful. It was Bohlen's day for a century, and he got his runs in his old dashing light-hussar style—very fast, very good form, and delightfully rakish. The wicket-keeper, however, was unusually tender to him. The rest of the batting was strong, and the American fielding was tip-top, and the bowling, for amateur, first-class. The Englishmen were never really in it.

POLO CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.
Won by Myopia.

I CANNOT DISMISS MY NOTICE of these matches without referring once again to the batting of Patterson. At Haverford he got 74—it was simply an accident that he didn't get his century—which brought his total for the three games to 336, and his average (one not out) to 84. This was secured without one single let-off from the field, and by consistently accurate and masterful batting. The visitors were extremely impressed by his display, and placed him among the first twelve batsmen now playing, with the probability that he would stand very close to the top of the dozen if he should have a season against English professional bowling. The importance of this admission from Englishmen, and in cricket of all games, is obvious, and it is further increased by the consideration of the conditions under which the American cricketer plays—after business, and against no variety of bowling. What Patterson would be if he had leisure to go abroad it is difficult to say. As it is, he is another and a remarkable instance of an all-round man, for he was a prizeman at college, and is now a lawyer in active practice, and sub-dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School. It cannot be long before he has to stop playing, though in the prime of his powers, and sportsmen hope that the Philadelphians will go to England before this sad necessity arises.

NOW IF THE PHILADELPHIANS will only consent to do what they should have done long since, *i. e.*, play the strength of the counties and meet professional bowling, they will give Patterson the chance he ought to have. If he gets it, I have no doubt he will create a sensation in England. During the past season he has led American cricket by a larger margin than ever before. He has scored, in all matches, over 1300 runs for nearly sixty innings, with an average of about 70, the highest total in the annals of the game in this country, and has reached the century five times, once for a double. During the past ten years he has scored in all 23 centuries, far and away the best American record; indeed, he has been responsible for or concerned in almost all the present American batting records, and is indubitably the best cricketer the country ever produced, and its only representative of the strictly first class.

At the wicket he stands in a somewhat awkward and crouching position to receive the ball, but makes his tall and loosely jointed form work with the precision and force of a machine. He can, if he chooses, hit "bloomin' hard, bloomin' high, and bloomin' often," but usually his extraordinary coolness and patience are as important qualities in his play as his science, and he times his stroke with the same certainty whether he has made ten runs or a hundred.

In fact, his resolution and endurance are the best qualities of his play in every department of the game, and he is an example to every athlete for his cool-headed pluck. So far as American cricket is concerned he is an exception to the rule that every man can be replaced; and it is disturbing to learn that he is talking at all of retiring.

R. L. Agassiz. F. B. Fay. R. G. Shaw, 2d. A. P. Gardner.

MYOPIA—WINNERS OF POLO CHAMPIONSHIP, '95.

HICKOK THROWING HAMMER.

TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF GOLF would require a volume, and to tell of its American introduction and growth would be to recount much that has already been printed and is known by heart by golfing enthusiasts. Suffice it to say that five years ago golf terms and the names of its various implements would have been Choctaw to the average American sportsman. A description of the game would have recalled nothing but shinny to his mind.

A converted scoffer is, however, the best sort of a proselyte, and there are more once unwilling, bitter, stubborn converts talking shop at this present moment *in re* golf than, I might venture to state, are discussing any other game outside of football. As propagandists these new players are more successful than old ones, the enthusiasm of the novice seems to carry more weight with the unbeliever than the cold reasoning of the past master, and thus we are all tumbling into line and learning to talk of "niblicks," "mashies," "putters," "stymies," "bunkers," and much more to follow, in a learned and appreciative way.

With the evolution of the Country Club came the dawn of common-sense in the regulation of out-door sports and pastimes in America. With the proper appreciation of exercise and oxygen came the decadence of the idea—held for so long by men with time and money, a tendency to adipose and gray hairs—that a holiday and an outing

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Mendelson. Davenport. Watson. Captain Horan. Lewin. Fitz-Herbert.

THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.

meant hustling along in a spindle-wheeled buggy behind a long-tailed trotting-horse.

THERE HAS BEEN MORE REJUVENATION, it is safe to say, in the last few years among our middle-aged sportsmen than they themselves appreciate. Many a keen-eyed knickerbockered old (?) chap, whose bicycle accounts for his reduction of waist measure, could take himself as he was ten years ago, haul that flabby prototype out of the buggy, and toss him over the fence. And this new man has found in golf an athletic game that the youngsters, who are as eager to play as he is, cannot improve upon, or rule him out of the ground that his age precludes the excitement of real competition. He can, perhaps, defeat his tall son who may have pulled a recent stroke or captained a champion eleven. That is enough to make him feel young and set him whistling.

The oft-repeated excuse, uttered in regretful tone and with a sigh and a sorrowful shake of the head, "I'm too old for all that now," has gone, it is said; for evermore. Bless us, men play golf at seventy!

Burke, 1-4 Mile, 49. Sweeney, High Jump, 6.5 5-8. Kilpatrick, 1-2 Mile, 1.53 2-5. Wefers, 100 Y'ds, 9 4-5; 220 Y'ds, 21 3-5; 300 Y'ds, 31 1-5.

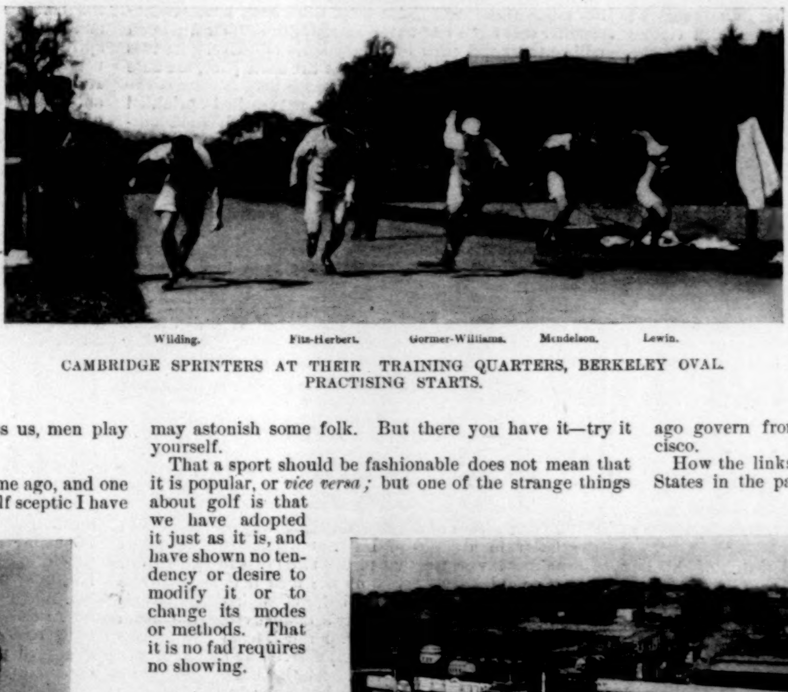
FOUR RECORD ATHLETES.

I LISTENED TO AN ARGUMENT a short time ago, and one of the debaters was the most implacable golf sceptic I have known in my experience. He "wouldn't walk to the corner," etc.; game "too slow" for him, etc. This sort of thing was trite enough, but then the doubting Thomas enlarged on his subject. "There is no contest, no eye to eye, no brain to brain, no give and take, no generalship required," he said. "Now tennis" (he was good at tennis) "has the elements of contest; you grow excited as you play. Golf! bah! it's a game for old men or maidens."

Three or four days later he was on the links, and after some inducement tried a "swipe," as he called it, at the ball. He missed; missed again; hit the earth; then his blood was up, and the fourth time, hard and fair, he swept away the ball. "Hello!" I exclaimed. "Jingo! that felt good!" said the scoffer, smiling. "What sort of a contraption do you use next?" Last week I met him in a shop criticising the waggle of a brassy bulger, and he had ideas on the subject.

CAPTAIN SHELDON BROAD-JUMPING.

THUS IT GOES, AND GOLF HAS come to stay. And no one can deny that it fills the bill. Such strides have already been taken in the United States, and so widely has the game become known that it seems unnecessary to indulge in any description of it or its appurtenances. That much interest can be derived from walking a mile or so and seeing in how few strokes you can put or roll a ball into various holes at varying distances may astonish some folk. But there you have it—try it yourself.



Wilding. Fitz-Herbert. Gormer-Williams. Mendelson. Lewin.

CAMBRIDGE SPRINTERS AT THEIR TRAINING QUARTERS, BERKELEY OVAL. PRACTISING STARTS.

That a sport should be fashionable does not mean that it is popular, or *vice versa;* but one of the strange things about golf is that we have adopted it just as it is, and have shown no tendency or desire to modify it or to change its modes or methods. That it is no fad requires no showing.

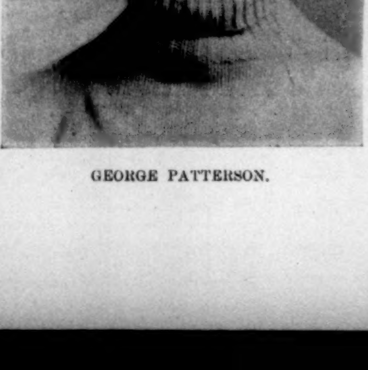
THERE ARE FEW out-of-door sports indulged in by amateurs that call for a special display of good manners or politeness; but in golf it is fatal to show temper or hot-headedness. Little rules must be kept in mind, and there is some ceremony that should further, not delay, the game. Hence some of the following customs which belong to the established etiquette of golf and that should be observed by all players at golf; golfers do observe them:

1. No player, caddie, or on-looker should move or talk during a stroke.
2. No player should play from the tee until the party in front have played their second strokes and are out of range, nor play to the putting green till the party in front have holed out and moved away.
3. The player who leads from the tee should be allowed to play before his opponent tees his ball.
4. Players who have holed out should not try their puts over again when other players are following them.
5. Players looking for a lost ball must allow any other match coming up to pass them.
6. A party playing three or more balls must allow a two-ball match to pass them.
7. A party playing a shorter round must allow a two-ball match playing the whole round to pass them.
8. Turf cut or displaced by a stroke in playing should be at once replaced.

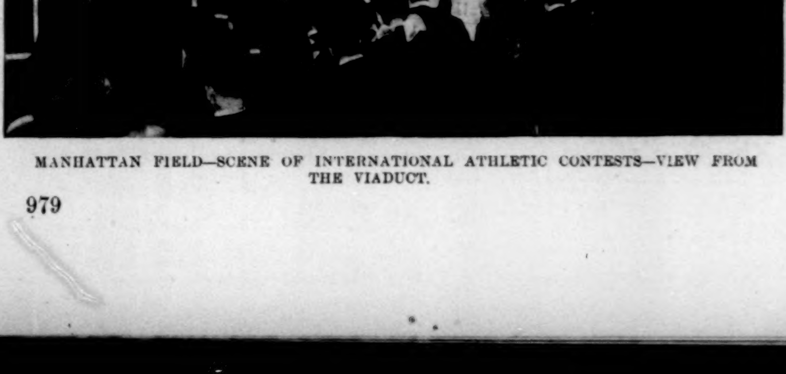
A disregard of these may make a man so justly unpopular that he will have to mend his manners if he wishes to secure recognition as a proper person to play with.

Peculiar conditions may suggest local rules for various links, but in the main the rules in force years ago govern from St. Andrews, Scotland, to San Francisco.

How the links have multiplied throughout the United States in the past two years is a matter of the sporting



GEORGE PATTERSON.



MANHATTAN FIELD—SCENE OF INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC CONTESTS—VIEW FROM THE VIADUCT.

history we are making from day to day. And the rate at which players have sprung up and developed has been simply bewildering. It would fill this Department to notice only those that have outstripped their fellows and attained golfing form. We cannot attempt to take up the subject in detail at this writing, but from time to time we shall hope to put our readers in touch with the development in form and in the game wherever it is played throughout this country.

JUST AT THE MOMENT golfing interest centres upon the championship tournament and the Newport links. The course itself is one of the more recently made, picturesquely situated, and surrounded by a country admirably appointed by nature for the game. It will not be a difficult matter to enlarge the present nine holes to the regulation eighteen should it ever be deemed advisable. The course has not the sea-side elements of Shinnecock; it is more in the nature of inland links; but the hazards are excellently constructed as to formation and placing, the distances admirable, and the greens and tees in good condition. In addition, the handsomest golf-club house in this or the old country has been opened this season, and the Newport members have left nothing undone to meet the ever-widening golfing interest.

The amateur tournament, which was won by Charles B. MacDonald, of Chicago, over Charles Sands, of Westchester, and completed on Friday, was notable primarily for the startling surprises it furnished. Secondly, it instanced the development of the American game—that is to say, of those that have learned their golf in this country since the scoffer turned golfer.

THE ENTRY LIST WAS A GOOD ONE, and contained, as it should, the strongest American players, including L. B. Stoddart, last year's champion, C. B. MacDonald, Laurence Curtis, Winthrop Rutherford, B. S. De Garmendia, Archibald Rogers, Q. A. Shaw, Dr. C. Claxton, J. L. Breese, W. H. Sands, H. G. Trevor, A. Seton, Jun., C. E. Sands, Rev. W. S. Rainsford, O. W. Bird, R. J. Clark, F. I. Amory, R. B. Kerr, A. L. Livermore, L. A. Biddle, E. C. Rushmore, J. Morehead, C. S. Hanks, S. H. Bennett, M. J. Henry, Victor Sorchon, J. Park, and W. Kent. Of these, several were hardly known away from their home links, but the form of Curtis, Rutherford, Rogers, Shaw, Rainsford, Clark, Amory, and, of course, MacDonald and Stoddart, was accepted as first-class, and their meeting was looked to with much interest. Interest was felt also in De Garmendia's fortune in the tournament, because of his adaptability and well-known skill in every game he enters where a cool head and keen eye are important factors, and because, too, he has shown such excellent golfing form with so little practice. That he failed to put in an appearance was much to be regretted. Thus the tournament opened with greater promise than any yet held in the country.

SURPRISES BEGAN IN THE VERY FIRST ROUND by Bird's defeat of Clark by 1 up in a close match of 19 holes, both playing in good form, but Bird showing unexpected strength. That MacDonald should win from Curtis was not remarkable, but the Chicago player gave evidence of skill in his score of 7 up with 5 to play that even so early augured well for his eventual success. The other expected results of the first round were the defeats of Shaw by Stoddart, 6 up and 5 to play; Peters by Rainsford, 5 up and 4 to play; Kerr by Amory, 7 up and 5 to play; Biddle by Livermore, 6 up and 5 to play; Rushmore by Rogers, 3 up and 2 to play. W. H. Sands played an excellent game against Trevor, whom he defeated, but was in turn beaten by Claxton, and Bird lost a close match to Amory. And all the play of these first rounds showed most encouraging improvement in form in both victors and vanquished.

But the great match of the second round, and the second surprise of the tournament, came in Rutherford's defeat of Stoddart, 1 up in 19 holes, after a most exciting match. Stoddart did not play so strongly as he had against Shaw in the morning, but Rutherford has come to the fore with great strides, or, more correctly speaking, great strokes. His drives were strong and remarkably well directed, and his iron play on the green very accurate. Stoddart led by 3 holes in going out, but on the home round Rutherford's sure game caught and finally beat him. Rutherford's keen eye and good nerve have made him a golfer of the first rank in short order; he has been playing strongly all this season, and, in fact, holds the amateur record of the Newport links, having made the round in 87.

ALL PREVIOUS SURPRISES WERE AS NOTHING, however, compared with that created by Charles Sands, when on the second day of the tournament he first defeated Rev. Dr. Rainsford by 4 up and 3 to play, and followed it up by beating Mr. Amory 3 up and 2 to play. Rainsford in good form played his usual careful game, and Amory performed as well, if not better, than he had ever done, but the strength of Sands's drives and his good putting more than counterbalanced the consistency and form of his more experienced opponents. Dr. Claxton won rather easily by 8 holes from Seton, and was in turn beaten by the same score quite as handily by MacDonald, who continued in rare form.

Probably the most evenly contested match of this day was that between Amory and Rogers, won by the former by 2 up, though Rogers had rather been counted upon to carry off the honors, and is, in fact, despite the result of this match, considered stronger. Rutherford went off considerably in his match with MacDonald, the latter winning by 5 up and 3 to play, and neither showed the golf of which he is capable, the playing being quite indifferent at times.

THIS LEFT THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH to be fought out between MacDonald and Sands, and while no one really expected the latter to win, the dash and strength he had revealed made him a formidable competitor. Certainly, had Sands won, he would have upset all golfing traditions; and as it is, his showing for the week has given the time-honored ideas a severe twisting. He has hitherto been conceded the beginner's handicap, and has not played in more than a score of tournaments before this week. It is safe to say his future play will be followed with much interest; he is young, his muscles are supple, he is strong in driving, and he has a great eye. This, together with his tennis play and a reckless dash with which he attacked the ball, accounts for his somewhat remarkable success at Newport. That his performance was no fluke is shown by his winning from two really good men of acquired form and acknowledged skill. Had his direction in driving been better and his form more certain, he would have played MacDonald to a closer issue. As it was, he was no match for the champion, who had 5 holes to the good in the first round, although not playing at his best, while on the second round MacDonald, showing his best form, had a very easy time of it, and finally won with 12 up and 11 to play, making the first round in 88, and the second in 87, which ties Rutherford's record. Mr. MacDonald thus wins the championship and a gold medal, while his club takes the custodianship of the $1000 silver vase offered by T. A. Havemeyer. On the whole, the week's play produced remarkable results, which rather suggest that the championship course should hereafter be over 36 instead of 18 holes, as a truer test of golfing skill. Much interest will attach to subsequent tournaments in which some of these players are sure to meet. Probably that at St. Andrews this week may clear the somewhat puzzling situation.

THE FIRST POLO CHAMPIONSHIP of the United States was won and lost week before last, when Myopia, Rockaway, and Westchester played out the series on Prospect Park parade-grounds, and Myopia secured the custodianship of the handsome challenge cup. Rockaway was lucky in the drawings, for they got the bye, and therefore entered the final match, men and horses, perfectly fresh.

The first match, that between Myopia and Westchester, on September 24th, was, as had been expected, a close and interesting struggle from first to last. It served to emphasize the exceedingly good game Westchester has been showing this season; for whereas last year they could not have held such a pace their conquerors set them, this year they not only maintained it, but made Myopia extend to their limit to win. And Westchester's showing, all things considered, seems to me the most creditable of the tournament and of the year. Mr. Potter ought to feel rather proud of the record his club has made, and of the team for whose excellent work he is largely responsible. Here is a sportsman who has not permitted himself the ennui of a score of other clubmen whose years are no more and whose time not so occupied. A few more such as Potter would revivify some of our country clubs that appear running to seed.

THE FIELD WAS HARD AND DUSTY AND CUPPY when Myopia and Westchester played, but that did not prevent brilliant work being the rule of the three periods rather than the exception. That the reverse was not the order of the day, indeed, sounds the high degree of polo shown. The first period ended with the score three-quarter goal to one-quarter goal in Myopia's favor, after some hard and clever work, in which Gardner and Shaw and Potter and Bird figured prominently. The balance of the scoring was done in the second period—twice by L. Waterbury, and once each by Agassiz and Gardner—but Myopia would have made two other goals only for Potter's fine backing, and Westchester might have scored but for Gardner's unerring stroke and his steadiness on the ball. Not a goal was made in the third period, but the superior speed of the Myopia ponies and the better team-work of the men enabled the Bostonians to block the brilliant sallies of the two Waterbury boys and hold the game where it was. And thus Myopia won by a score of $2\frac{3}{4}$ goals to $1\frac{1}{2}$, because of their steadier, harder game and more skilful team-play. Every man on either side played up to his best form, and in no case was there aught to censure. Potter showed an exceedingly strong steady game, and was ably seconded by Bird, the other veteran. Both the Waterburys confirmed the good impression their work has made this year. Next year, when they have become steadier and more lost to the surroundings, their direction will be truer and their brilliancy more effective. As it is they have done splendidly, and, at the same pace, are sure to attain the first class.

WHEN MYOPIA MET ROCKAWAY nature had sprinkled the field, and the park officers had rolled it assiduously, and it was less dusty and a bit more even, though still inferior to the Country Club fields. The hard match with Westchester two days before did not appear to have taken much out of Myopia's ponies, while it had given the men a slight familiarity with the peculiarities of the field. Myopia's team was as it had met Westchester, Agassiz, Fay, Shaw, and Gardner, and Rockaway played Rutherford, Cowdin, Keene, and Cheever. It was Rockaway's old team, the one to whose credit is probably the most brilliant record on American polo annals, but it was not the old team in point of endurance. If it had been, the cup would have gone to Cedarhurst, for no four men in this country have yet shown so high a combination of rare skill and brilliancy as Rockaway at its best. But Rockaway's best days have passed, not to return, unless all the men should take an entire season to fitting themselves for such a hard contest as Myopia or Westchester could now give them. Younger players have come into the field, and polo skill has advanced materially since the few years ago when the highest exponents of the game could be counted on one's fingers.

The first period of the Myopia-Rockaway match showed the latter in a series of brilliant manœuvres, of which Keene was the centre, that placed two goals to their credit, and gave unlearned spectators the idea that Myopia was not in it. In the second period, although there was no lack of brilliancy in Rockaway's manœuvring, the steam of the effort had somewhat evaporated, team play (where weakness invariably shows first) deteriorated, and Myopia made two goals to their one. At the beginning of the third period Keene was incapacitated for further play by a collision, and Albert Francke took his place. At this time Rockaway was one-quarter goal ahead, but Myopia had struck their gait, and scored two more goals after hard play, winning finally by $4\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ goals.

HAD KEENE REMAINED IN THE GAME, it is true, the struggle would have been closer and the scores at the end nearer; Rockaway might even have won, but I doubt it. It was not that Myopia played more brilliantly, but they played a harder, steadier game, and the pace was faster in the third than in the first period. And they played brilliantly as well. No back in the country is so sure as Agassiz, nor is there a number one playing to-day to compare with Gardner; add to this so brilliant a skirmisher as Shaw, who is second certainly only to Keene or Cowdin, and there is ample reason why Myopia is both brilliant and steady. Then their team-work is capital, and every play they made, and every time they hit the ball there was strength behind it. Keene's work in the first period and for half the second was dazzling; he is surely a marvellous player; but the little practice he had for this match was all the playing he has done this year, and he could not last. Cheever had had as little conditioning as Keene, and he played an excellent game all through, often showing his old-time form; Rutherford semed fitter, and did some fine work; but Cowdin was the only man in shape for such a hard struggle, and he played superbly to the very last. The wonder is Myopia did not score more in that last period, and that they did not was due to the really magnificent work of Cowdin, Rutherford, and Cheever, who, though worn and beaten, fought the fight like the polo warriors they are, determined to die in the last ditch.

Despite the exciting play on the field, probably the most interesting sight to sportsmen was the large crowd of spectators, probably 10,000 of them. Comparatively few had ever seen a game before, but all doubtless left the scene determined not to miss another. This has been a gala year for polo from first to last.

NEXT TO YALE'S WINNING, the most pleasing feature of Saturday's international university games was the reception given Cambridge by the spectators. When the Englishmen emerged from their dressing-rooms they were applauded; when Thompson and Sheldon had thrice failed, and the opportunity came for Jennings to win the high jump for Cambridge, he was cheered as heartily as either of the Yale men on their last try; and finally, when Horan and Lutyens won the half and mile by handsome margins, and Lewin pulled off the quarter in an exciting finish, they received an ovation from the grand stand.

When, hereafter, defeat in America tempts the London press to harangue like a fishwife upon our sporting ethics, it will be well if they remember the reception given the Cambridge and the London Club athletes, and the forbearance shown by the American public on that third day of the *America* Cup series, when Dunraven dunravened.

The Cambridge-Yale games provided yet another pleasing feature in the absence from the inner field of the horde of useless "officials" common at athletic meetings generally. Ten officials conducted the meeting on Saturday promptly and efficiently, and the spectators viewed the events without having the finishes shut off by a host of be-badged, and, by the on-lookers, berated ex-stars of the athletic firmament.

FROM A PURELY RECORD-MAKING point of view the meeting furnished no performance that was remarkable, nor was it expected to do so; but the 300 yards, and the quarter, and the two hurdles, and the 100 yards were all won in good, if not notable time. For the rest, in the events which had the exceptional men, there were no rivals formidable enough to extend them, and in the others, none of the entries were above mediocre. But interest was not lacking on that account. Except in the half and mile and hammer and shot, the contestants were even enough to make a pretty race, and although there was no time when Yale's eventual success was in doubt, yet Cambridge made a far better showing than had the London A. C. team against the New York A. C., for of the eleven events Cambridge won three firsts and four seconds, and one of the latter came very near being better. Quite the heroes of the day were Richards, Lewin, and Cady. The first two for running three splendid races, and Cady for keeping his feet and head in the hurdles. But for Lewin the Englishmen would have lost a first, a second, and a third place, and on each occasion he did the work another of his countrymen had been chosen to perform.

CAMBRIDGE WAS OUTCLASSED IN THE 100 yards, and the hammer and shot, as had been expected. Wilding and Lewin represented the English university in the sprint, but both Richards and Burnet beat them off the mark, and were first and second rather easily in $.10\frac{1}{5}$. Neither Hickok nor Cross equalled his best performance in the hammer, winning first and second by throws of 130 ft. 7 in. and 117 6 respectively, while Johnston's best was 107 8. And the Yale men threw from a 7-foot circle, while a 30-foot circle was permitted the Cambridge athlete. Again in the shot, Hickok and Brown were much below their best, with puts of 42 ft. 2 in. and 40 3, while Watson got third with 37 $2\frac{1}{2}$. There was a closer struggle in the jumps. Johnston dropped out at 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{4}$, and Jennings, Thompson, and Sheldon cleared 5 $8\frac{1}{4}$, but all failed at 5 $9\frac{1}{4}$. With the bar lowered to 5 $8\frac{1}{4}$ Thompson finally succeeded in winning after numerous attempts. The many trials in the high must have taken considerable out of Sheldon, but he had sufficient strength left to do 21 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ and win from Jennings, whose best was four inches poorer. The half-mile was a romp for Horan in 2 min. $\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and the mile a very easy win for Lutyens in 4 min. $35\frac{3}{5}$ sec., but Davenport and Morgan had an exciting race for second place, which the latter won by a plucky effort, although it was evident he was not in top condition.

THE SUPERIOR SKILL OF YALE in getting off the mark was again in evidence in the 300 yards, Richards and Byers getting nearly a three-yard start on the Cambridge men. Fitz-Herbert's tremendous stride brought him close up before a third of the distance had been covered, and to within 50 yards of the finish he continued to gain, but Richards' final burst was too much for him, and he weakened, Lewin finally finishing second by $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards to Richards in $32\frac{3}{5}$ sec. Fitz-Herbert was also considered the dangerous Englishman in the 440, but again Lewin, the supposed pace-maker, put on a spurt at the finish, that carried him across the tape a winner in .49 4-5, by two feet, from Richards, who would probably have beaten him out had he sooner realized that Lewin was racing for the tape, and not pacing Fitz-Herbert. Cady ran a faultless race in the 120 hurdle on cinders, winning by two yards in 16 sec. from Hatch, who had run down Pilkington, and left Fletcher another two yards away. But on grass Hatch carried off the honors also in 16 sec. from Fletcher by a yard; with Cady only a fair third, and Pilkington having dropped out.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS at Toronto Saturday gave three of the L. A. C. athletes their first transatlantic victory. Bradley won the 100 yards from Lee in $10\frac{1}{5}$; Shaw, the hurdler, $16\frac{3}{5}$; and Williams, the high jump, 5 feet 7. Two Canadian records fell; the half-mile to $1.54\frac{3}{5}$, by Kilpatrick, N.Y.A.C., and 440 to .50 by J. D. Morrow, Toronto A.C.

Comment on international half-rater race must be again deferred until next issue.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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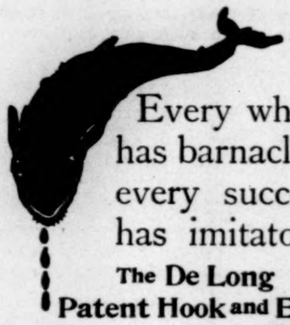

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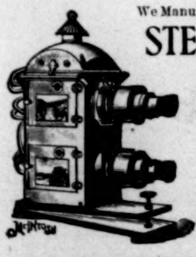

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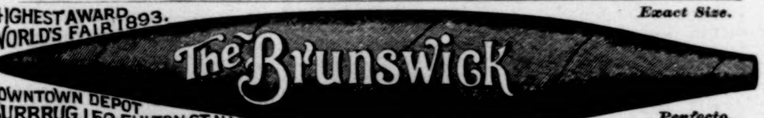

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Legal Notices.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 30th day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessment for opening and acquiring title to 134th St., between 3d and Brook Aves., in the 23d Ward.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement in "The City Record" commencing on the 23d day of September, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following streets and avenues in the following wards:

Twelfth Ward. 9th Ave. from 201st St. to Kingsbridge Road; 111th St. from Amsterdam Ave. to Riverside Ave.; Isham St. from 10th Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

Twenty-third Ward. 135th St. between 3d and Willis Aves.

Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards. Plympton Ave. from Orchard St. to Boscobel Ave.

Twenty-fourth Ward. Briggs Ave. from Southern Boulevard to Mosholu Parkway; 174th St. from Vanderbilt Ave. East, to 3d Ave.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, September 30, 1895.

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